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OCTOBER 31, 1955

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What the Doctors Say

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

DR. IRVINE PAGE,
HEART SPECIALIST

William Vandivert

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VOL. LXVI NO. 18

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MARTIN
BALTIMORE

LETTERS

The Vice President

Sir:

What an inspiring message your Oct. 10 issue held for the independent voter—so it's Dicky Nixon!... May we all rejoice over this shining symbol of banality—let Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn sing hallelujah...

ANTHONY S. FELSOVANY

Los Altos, Calif.

Sir:

... My thanks for the cover story on Vice President Nixon. So many distorted and possibly libelous reports have been released by big labor about him that it is hard for the small man to discern fact from fiction. In one paragraph you refute all of the distorted reports re Nixon's ambitions and intentions...

J. M. RAYMOND

Jacksonville, Fla.

Sir:

Congratulations for your clarifying article on Vice President Nixon and his responsibilities in the present Administration. As a close personal friend of Whittaker Chambers, whom I got to know after he became a fellow Quaker, I have had a front seat from which to view the amazing and irresponsible campaign of vilification against this dedicated patriot. Many Quakers, I am ashamed to say, were taken in by it and became a part of it.

And now this same group has turned upon Nixon as the man who stopped Hiss's triumphal march and helped to vindicate Chambers. If ever there was a flagrant case of the truth's being twisted by knaves (the real Communists and their conscious sympathizers) to set a trap for the thoughtless and the unwary, this is it. You deserve great credit for beginning to clear the air.

HENRY C. PATTERSON

Philadelphia

Sir:

One of the most thought-provoking things I read was Vice President Nixon's name at the head of the list of possible presidential candidates. Let us face the facts. Mr. Nixon, for all his "intelligence, youth and vigor," is hardly a presidential candidate... He couldn't have acquired the wisdom and knowledge needed for the job in the few short years he has been in Washington. I think the nation's welfare is more important than that of the party. There is too much partisanship in the Republican Party now, put there by people who think only of feath-

ering their own nests by riding the popularity of others. Let's elect someone who is clear of trouble with the "party"...

NORMAN Q. WILSON

Wichita Falls, Texas

Voltaire's Half-Acre

Sir:

The Oct. 3 review of *The Myth of Sisyphus* by Albert Camus states: "The garden which Voltaire advised the French to cultivate (instead of listening to crazy Germanic philosophers) has turned out to be a stony little half-acre. Furthermore, the horticulture is hampered all the time by the heavy tread of Germanic philosophers among the *petits pois*..." The philosophic garden of Voltaire sprouted such "*petits pois*" as the French Declaration of the Rights of Man and the U.S. Constitution. These intellectual crops still come in handy...

CONSTANCE ROWE

New York City

Sir:

... It seems that Camus rejects the possibility of God, and the ultimate significance of life, on the ground that man's reason can discover no valid proof of either. What does he expect, an angel with a flaming sword?... Camus, and the coterie of which he is a dominant figure, are guilty of childishness. To assume that life has no meaning because it is not immediately and inescapably apparent is ridiculous. To erect a concept of life on a basis of futility is hopeless; man cannot predicate purposeful action and deny the existence of purpose... Camus is caught in a monstrous contradiction. Ultimate concepts are contingent on faith. This is true not only of religion and philosophy but of science.

V. A. HOLCOMBE

Corona, Calif.

Turk v. Greek

Sir:

The outbreak of fanatical hatred against the Greek citizens of Turkey (NEWS IN PICTURES, Oct. 10) shocks me. What has shocked me even more is the way that both London and Washington have tried officially to overlook the gruesome episode for the sake of preserving unity in NATO.

J. S. JANOS

Cleveland

Sir:

I am proud of being a Turk and I approved of the Turkish mob's demonstration against the Greek Orthodox Church. That

so-called religion has been misusing its privileges... It is not really a church of God; it is simply a political party belonging to the Greek government...

SUAT ECER

Detroit

Sir:

Congratulations to TIME for exposing the atrocities of the Turkish mob against the minorities of Istanbul... Maybe your pictures will make a few Turks feel ashamed...

D. J. KOSTAS

Corona, N.Y.

Other Times, Other Manners

Sir:

You labeled the Mannerist-style painting of Gabrielle d'Estrees [Oct. 3] "Lady After



Museum of Fine Arts, Dijon; © 1953 Moulden Form GABRIELLE & FRIEND

Her Bath." Surely a more appropriate title would have been: "I dreamed I was in a jewelry store without my Maidenform bra."

JOHN S. BROOKES

Chicago

¶ For a comparison of Painter Brunel's beauty and the Madison Avenue manner, see cuts.—Ed.

Westward the Course

SIR:

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE SPLENDID LEWIS & CLARK COLOR FEATURE [Oct. 10] BY PHOTOGRAPHER BRADLEY SMITH. IMPOSSIBLE TO OVEREMPHASIZE THE EXPEDITION'S IMPORTANCE. ITS SUCCESS CHANGED THE COURSE OF NATIONAL AND WORLD HISTORY.

CHAPIN D. FOSTER

DIRECTOR

WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
TACOMA

Sir:

... I was so thrilled by the beauty of the scenes of Montana that I almost took the first train back to that best-of-all states—we're railroad people, and have tried quite a few... When my husband saw the picture of the Bitterroots, he spoke with such feeling and nostalgia: "That's just the way it looks—I've gazed on that scene a thousand times," etc... Thank you, and our sincere congratulations to Mr. Smith on his excellent photography.

HELEN E. HAYES

Savanna, Ill.

Sir:

As a native Montanan... I was thrilled to see your recent pictures and article. Regardless of the cost, the Lewis & Clark expedition was a huge success. Recent discovery of records of the expedition... reveals the cost of the enterprise to be considerably higher than the oft-quoted "\$2,500," an amount that actually represents only the initial appropriation by Congress...

The actual total expenditure was \$38,722.25, still a bargain, even in the early

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VOLUME LXVI
Number 18

TIME
October 31, 1955

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1800s. An itemized account of the expenditures may be found in an article by Grace Lewis® in the *Bulletin of the Missouri Historical Society* (July 1954).

GERALD A. DIETTERT

St. Ann, Md.

Lines for Two Players

Sir:

You have devoted 92 lines of the Oct. 10 Cinema section to a busty English vaudeville actress called Diana Dors, explaining in unnecessary detail the color of her lawnmower and second-hand Rolls-Royce, yet in your Milestones column you give only a scant nine lines to the memory of America's greatest young actor, James Dean, who was killed in an untimely accident.

J. BOLAND

Alton, Ill.

Big Hand

SIR:

THANK YOU FOR WONDERFUL OCT. 17 REVIEW, "DEALER'S CHOICE: THE WORLD'S GREATEST POKER STORIES." SURPRISED, THOUGH, AT NO MENTION OF WONDERFUL STORY, "LET'S GET RID OF THE RIBBON CLERKS," BY ROBERT McLAUGHLIN, TIME'S RADIO-TV EDITOR... TIME HAS ALWAYS BEEN, AND WILL REMAIN, THIS DEALER'S CHOICE.

JERRY D. LEWIS

PACIFIC PALISADES, CALIF.

Ford's Gold Elizabeth

Sir:

It was with considerable disgust that I read of the Ford Motor Co. permitting its pressagents to promulgate the concept of limiting the sale of the new Continental car to humans with pedigrees [Oct. 10]. The whole thing is un-American—for shame!

CELIA MICHAEL SUMMER

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

Please pass this on to Billy Ford: I was born in The Bronx. My father came to this country third-class steerage; although my mother was born in Philadelphia, her parents came over to this country third-class steerage too. Unfortunately I cannot trace my family tree too far... However, we do refer to our six-month-old daughter as "Her Royal Highness..." If this does not meet his specifications, he needn't feel badly because we can't afford a silly little thing like a \$10,000 car anyway. And if we could, I wouldn't want to be high-pressured into buying the thing simply because the Ford Motor Co. is willing to throw in power steering, power brakes and power windows.

MRS. SIDNEY ISAACS

Freehold, N.J.

On With the Goffes

Sir:

I was somewhat surprised to read in your Oct. 3 review of *John Goffe's Legacy* by George Woodbury that "Uncle Ody" was the last to bear the name of Goffe. "Uncle Ody" had a son, John Goffe, a grandson, George Washington Goffe, and a great-grandson, George Crosby Goffe. The latter was my father. I have been bearing the name Goffe for some years now, as has my brother Frederick... I must protest the implication made in a magazine with your circulation that my brother and I are figments of our own imaginations.

LEWIS CENTER GOFFE

Litchfield, N.H.

¶ TIME's apologies for its gaffe on the Goffes.—Ed.

* No kin to Explorer Lewis.

TIME

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TIME, OCTOBER 31, 1955

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

WHO writes the move-
ie reviews? Over the
years, TIME's Cinema sec-
tion has established a tra-
dition of sharp and witty
criticism, and more read-
ers are asking us this ques-
tion. For the past two
years, our principal movie
reviewer has been Assoc-
iate Editor Henry Brad-
ford Darrach Jr.

Among the many fine
stylists and phrasemakers
on the magazine, Brad
Darrach at 34 has devel-
oped into one of the best.
But when he came to TIME
ten years ago, with only
brief journalistic experi-
ence (on the Providence
Journal and Baltimore
Sun), he recalls that he
couldn't put together
enough good material in a
week to fill the Miscellany
column. And after he wrote
his first film review, Dar-
rach's senior editor re-
turned it to him with the
notation: "Sure, sure, but what
was the movie about?"

Since then, Darrach has written
some notable Cinema covers, among
them, 3-D (TIME, June 8, 1953), Lol-
lobrida (TIME, Aug. 16, 1953), Mar-
lon Brando (TIME, Oct. 11, 1954),
Walt Disney (TIME, Dec. 27) and
Frank Sinatra (TIME, Aug. 29).

Readers also like to quote Dar-
rach quips back to us. A few recent
favorites:

"Esther Williams' pictures are gen-
erally just so much water over the
dam";

"Life among the cocktail hours and



BRAD DARRACH

their five o'clock shadows";
"In Europe Gina Lollo-
brigida is the most fa-
mous seven syllables since
"Come up and see me some
time.""

Darrach's gift for words
may be traced to a line-
age of hereditary Scottish
bards and minor English
writers. Stern custodian of
this heritage has been his
maternal grandmother Al-
lice Dunbar, now over 80.
For grandmother Dunbar,
he wrote romantic prose
until he was eight, when he
went off to Philadelphia's
old St. Peter's (Episcopal)
Choir School to sing as a
boy soprano and play foot-
ball in the school's historic
cemetery. "I remember,"
he says, "catching a for-
ward pass on Stephen De-
catur's grave." At West
Philadelphia High, Dar-
rach began to compose poetry. He
kept on writing it as a University
of Pennsylvania student, insurance in-
vestigator, newsman and TIME editor.

As TIME reviewer, Darrach, who
considers movies "not only one of the
liveliest arts but one of the most im-
portant," studies the world production
of pictures each week and sees at least
five before he writes his reviews. Mov-
iemakers are aware of the value of this
selectivity. Said Columbia Pictures'
Executive Producer Jerry Wald: "The
public is more educated today and
shops around for pictures. And TIME
influences a great deal of that public."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Good Heart

The Gross National Product, like an electrocardiogram on the nation's economic heartbeat, condenses on one graph the pulsations of the whole U.S. economy. Last week the President's Council of Economic Advisers strapped their electrodes to the economy for another G.N.P. measurement of all goods and services produced in the U.S. The reading: in the third quarter of 1955 the U.S. had the highest Gross National Product in history—an annual rate of \$392 billion—up \$7 billion. This means that goods and services worth \$2,376 were produced, on the average, for every man, woman and child in the country.

The increase was not on a "trickle-down" from the top basis. One of the biggest jumps was in consumer spending, where the reading rose \$6 billion above the rate of the preceding three-month period. Higher wage and salary payments gave spending its biggest push, aided by a \$1 billion drop in the rate of savings.

In some former years, a large part of the rising G.N.P. was an illusion caused by dollar inflation. Since the dollar is now stable, all of the G.N.P. increase means an actual rise in the output of goods and services. The cost-of-living index nudged up three-tenths of 1% last month, to the highest level in a year, but this was only six-tenths of 1% above last January, and three-tenths of 1% below January of 1954. Meanwhile the factory worker's weekly after-tax pay reached a record average in September—\$71.55 take-home pay for a married man with two children, \$1.25 more than the month before, nearly \$5 more than in September 1954. Last week's figures included one serious cause for worry. Between the second and third quarters of 1955, gross farm income dropped at the rate of a billion a year below 1954's rate.

Aside from this, the strength in the rest of the economy was the best argument Secretary of State Dulles could take with him to the Geneva Conference, where his opponents have shown signs that they no longer believe an article of Communist faith—that capitalism is about to collapse any day.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"The Acid Test"

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles correctly foresaw that the Communists would get short-term, tactical advantages from last summer's Parley at the Summit. The resumption of Big Four contacts and the easing of tensions, the Secretary reasoned, would somewhat weaken the will of the Western democracies to take the hard decisions needed to maintain a posture of strength; the democracies, moreover, would feel freer to indulge their petty quarrels of long standing. Such a sequence has already followed, amid the looping longings of "The Spirit of Geneva."

John Foster Dulles also predicted that certain long-term advantages might accrue to the West. The Russians, he reasoned, could not arouse the hopes of mankind for peace, and then crumple them, without meriting a new surge of world bitterness and distrust. Dulles felt that nations, like individuals, could become creatures of their own behavior: if the Russians talked long enough about removing the causes of world

tensions, they might eventually find themselves compelled to start removing them. Dulles' theory was founded upon a belief that the Russians needed a breathing spell for which they would pay a price. One of the concessions John Foster Dulles set out hopefully to collect was the reunification of Germany.

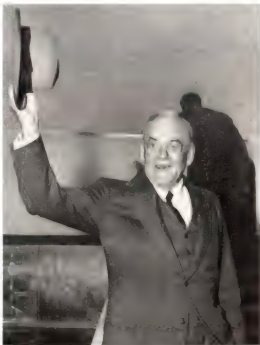
Tri-Continental Support. This week Secretary Dulles went back to Geneva for a conference of the Big Four foreign ministers, which President Eisenhower had defined as "the acid test" of the Soviet Union's peaceful intentions. After conferring last week with the President in his hospital room at Denver, Dulles reported: "I go to Geneva with the assurance that I have behind me a President who fully knows the issues and who has given me a full and comprehensive mandate to speak for our nation." He also got assurances of support from the leaders of Congress.

Dulles briefed the ambassadors of the Latin American republics, and was received warmly. He warned his listeners not to expect too much from the conference: his best hope, at this stage of the preliminaries,

was to advance German reunification into the framework of specific negotiations. Dulles added that should the Russians balk at taking such a small step, their intent could not be peaceful. "This Geneva meeting," Dulles told a press conference before he left for Europe, "is the way to put the so-called Spirit of Geneva to work."

On his way to Geneva, Dulles paused in Rome for talks with the leaders of Italy, who had recently been feeling neglected amid the comings and goings of the Big Four. He journeyed on to Paris for a meeting of the NATO Council. Dulles found the West Germans perturbed that the British might weaken the Western line, or bend it, by putting up some kind of "Eden Plan" that might tend to freeze the division of Germany; the British, however, were reassuring. Out of these meetings, Dulles confirmed the support of the Europeans upon the three formal questions of the agenda:

Europe: The West will go far towards drafting an all-Europe security system acceptable to the Russians, but only if Germany is to be reunified. Last week Dulles said: "Fortunately, security for the



United Press

SECRETARY DULLES OFF TO GENEVA
Amid looping longings, a quest for modest progress.

Russians is not inconsistent with justice for the Germans. Indeed, we doubt that in the long run security is ever gained by perpetuating a grave injustice like the division of Germany."

Limitation of Arms: The West will continue its quest for an effective "network of alarm" designed to prevent surprise attack, based upon the President's plan for an exchange of blueprints and a ground-air system of controls; the West considers this must precede reduction of arms.

East-West Contacts: The West will press the Russians to admit Western publications into their empire, to quit the censorship and the jamming of Western radio programs; the West expects the Russians to press for increased trade in strategic materials, and tourism.

"Serious Implications." On the eve of the conference, his 23rd in his three years as Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles seemed patient and calm, prepared to make concessions, if necessary, in the cause of peace, but not to concede fundamentals. "I realize that this conference has serious implications," Dulles said. "The foundations for it were built by the heads of government themselves. If we cannot build on that foundation, then many high hopes will have to be discarded. If, as I believe, we can build on that foundation, even modestly, then it will be good for all the world. . . ."

Dulles expected to remain in Europe, he concluded, for perhaps three weeks.

THE PRESIDENCY

Not Far From Gettysburg

President Eisenhower's medical chart continued to show an upward curve. For the first time, he sat up in a wheelchair and was pushed around the sun-drenched porch outside his room at Denver's Fitzsimons Hospital. His diet became more varied.⁶ He started two paintings. He got back to a part-time, Monday-Wednesday-Friday work week. And once more a stream of officials and friends, dammed up for three weeks, began to pour into Denver and up to the President's bedside.

Bedside Manners. Early last week the presidential plane, *Columbine III*, droned into the airstrip at Lowry Air Force Base with Defense Secretary Charles Wilson (see below), Admiral Arthur Radford and Milton Eisenhower, the President's brother. On the way to the hospital, Press Secretary James Hagerty briefed Wilson and Radford on proper bedside manners. Yes, it was perfectly all right to shake hands with the President. They should try to sit at the foot of the bed so that Ike could see them without moving his body. Their meeting should last no longer than 15 minutes, even though the President, as usual, would be talking briskly and edging for more time.

Several times during the week the Presi-

dent talked business with other officials, Attorney General Brownell and Security Chief Dillon Anderson stopped in for brief appointments. Often, in the late afternoon, Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams came in with some papers for Ike to sign. For the second time in nine days, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles spent a 25-minute period at Ike's bedside. When Dulles arrived, Ike promptly ordered him to sign his "guest book": a yellow toy dog that he had received for his birthday. Then the two got down to the business at hand: last-minute strategy for the forthcoming foreign ministers' conference at Geneva.

As the signatures on the toy dog's hide grew, Jim Hagerty became infuriated by a New York Times story, which reported



Associated Press

MRS. EISENHOWER

What was good for her was good for him.

that "the most [the President] will be able to get from such visitors to his bedside . . . will be the most superficial and 'pasteurized' summaries of the issues upon which he must make a choice." To the press Hagerty snorted that nothing could be further from the truth. "Dillon Anderson saw the President for 15 minutes today," he said, "and you can take it from me that what they talked about was not pasteurized. It was top-secret security material. Nothing is being held back from him. If there was an emergency on Formosa, or an atom bomb was dropped, we'd tell him. We wouldn't barge right in and toss the news in his face, but we'd tell him."

Thank-You Notes. Along with his business appointments, Ike saw a few purely social callers. During his three days in Denver, brother Milton saw the President often, and Investment Banker Clifford Roberts, a close friend, dropped

in for 15 minutes one morning. He was the President's first visitor who was neither a member of the family nor an official. The First Lady, meanwhile, continued to breakfast with Ike each morning and to see him as often as the doctors would permit. When she was away from her husband's side, Mamie spent most of her time in her own room, across the hall, meticulously answering the flood of get-well messages (at last count she had answered 11,000 letters).

One day last week she sallied forth to inspect a fashion show in the Officers' Club on the hospital grounds. It was her second outing since the President became ill, and Mamie, looking cheerful and chic in a black Mollie Parnis dress, was obviously delighted to be out again. "I think it will do me a lot of good," she said. "It's been good for him too. He's been quite concerned about me staying in so much. But he's doing so well now I don't worry about leaving him." On her way back to Ike's side, after the show, Mamie told reporters: "I'll stay at the hospital with my husband until he's well enough to leave."

That time, it turned out, will probably be very soon. At week's end Dr. Paul Dudley White, the noted heart specialist, flew in from Boston for his third examination of the President and consultation with the other doctors. President Eisenhower, he said, was "convalescing well." In two or three months, it should be possible to make a definite statement on the extent of the patient's recovery. This week Ike stood unassisted for the first time, on a pair of scales. His weight, which had been carefully controlled by a 1,600-calorie-a-day diet, was down four pounds, to 172½. (The fact that his poundage at the time he was stricken was less than five pounds above his weight as a West Point cadet was a distinct advantage for the President.) At the end of next week he will probably dispense with his wheelchair most of the time, and the following week try walking up and down a few stairs. And, by the end of the same week, if all goes well, President Eisenhower will fly to Washington. After a day or two resting at the White House, he will go out to his Gettysburg farm, to begin the final stage of his convalescence.

The Dark Horse

Last week saw a revival of serious—as distinguished from sentimental or wishful—speculation that President Eisenhower might run again. The vast majority of politicians and observers still thought that he would not, and the medical prognosis was still the same. Most men who have coronary attacks can continue to do most jobs (see MEDICINE), but the medical profession has no previous experience with post-coronary Presidents of the U.S. Nevertheless, with Ike already transacting public business, it became possible to imagine a recovery that would keep him in the presidency for five more years.

The weightiest voice in the new speculation was that of House Minority Lead-

⁶ One luncheon item: quail hash, the President's favorite dish, prepared according to his own recipe. The quail came from the White House food freezer and were flown to Denver on Ike's specific orders.

er Joseph W. Martin, who said: "I hope Mr. Eisenhower will run. I have every confidence that he will make the decision in favor of the country and the world if he feels he is able to do it."

The ailing President, said Martin, would not need to put on a strenuous campaign if he decides to run again. "He's so popular he can win by a landslide without any strain. All he needs to do is to appear on television two or three times." Martin did not believe that another four years in office might be too taxing for Ike. "I can see how it would be less strain in the White House," he said, "than it would be on the farm at Gettysburg." Life on a farm, he explained, holds many temptations to exertion, while a man in the White House "might hold back."

A Gallup poll, released this week, asked: "If Eisenhower's doctors say it is all right, and he decides to run in 1956, would you vote for him?" The results: 56% said they would vote for the President, 31% said they would not, and 13% were undecided.

Joe Martin's candidate got some surprising support from unexpected quarters. At a Democratic dinner in Erie, Pa., Tennessee's Estes Kefauver, a candidate for the Democratic nomination, said: "It may be, as it is said, that the President will no longer be willing to run as the Republican candidate. If this is so, I will be truly regretful. President Eisenhower has proved to be the best that the Republicans have. It would be best for the nation and the Republicans, as well as the Democrats, for each party to go into the campaign with the best candidate each can muster."

And in New York, another, half-forgotten voice was heard. In a telephone interview, Henry A. Wallace, the left-wing Progressive Party's candidate for the presidency in 1948, expressed his fervent hope that Ike "will not announce at any time in the near future that he will not run again in 1956." Wallace added that President Eisenhower "represents more than any other man the world's hope for peace. This outweighs all other considerations."

THE ADMINISTRATION The Careful Talker

Secretary of Defense Charles Erwin Wilson was in the national limelight as he hustled through some of the busiest days of his 33 months in office. As a public figure, he had changed from a press-relations problem into one of the strongest assets of President Eisenhower's Administration.

Just back from a NATO Defense Ministers meeting in Paris, Wilson flew off last week to Denver with Admiral Arthur W. Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to make their first report to the President since his heart attack. In 25 minutes, Wilson, who did most of the talking, outlined his plans for 1956 and

1957 Defense spending, secured approval of a new Marine Corps commandant (see Armed Forces), checked over other new appointees to the Defense Department and reported on the NATO meeting. Later, Wilson held a 25-minute news conference, where he answered searching questions on the matters he had taken up with the President, particularly the budget.

Reporters noted that Charlie Wilson spoke slowly and carefully as he explained that Defense spending in the new (1957) budget would probably run the same as this year's \$34.5 billion or a little higher, while force levels would remain at the June 1956 level of 2,850,000 men and women in uniform, but probably 20 or lower. He fielded questions on how the Geneva conference might affect U.S. defense policy: "No important change

He still talks freely to reporters (54 press conferences since taking office); the difference is that now he thinks first.

Wilson has made solid improvements in U.S. military defense. He put through a reorganization plan that scrapped cumbersome Pentagon boards and bureaus, and regrouped their functions under ten Assistant Secretaries of Defense. Then he revised defense policy, dropping the old idea of a defense buildup pointed at a specific target date, aiming instead at a level of military power that could be sustained for the long pull. He has cut estimated Defense spending by \$11 billion in three years. In the last two budgets, Wilson has emphasized air power, and uniformed manpower, mostly in the Army, has been reduced. General Matthew Ridgway retired as Army Chief of Staff with a letter protesting the Army cut



WILSON & RADFORD IN DENVER
The thought was flywheel to the word.

one way or the other . . . This is a policy of continuing military strength with the hope of avoiding war."

At week's end, after attending meetings of the Cabinet and the National Security Council and expounding his spending policies at a Washington press conference, Wilson flew off to Europe again to be a member of the U.S. delegation to the Geneva conference. As he left, Washington noted a remarkable fact: it has been a year since Charlie Wilson has put his foot in his mouth.

His "bird-dog" blunder* of Oct. 11, 1954 was his last and worst. For months after that, Administration people braced themselves for the worst whenever they heard that colorful Charlie Wilson was about to meet the press. But he reformed,

Many Congressmen, on the other hand, questioned whether Wilson put enough emphasis on air power, especially after reports last spring of Russian strides in jet aircraft and nuclear weapons. Wilson said firmly: "I think the present program is about right, or I'd be advocating a different one." He made it stick.

Wilson has not lost his weakness for production line humor. (Recent sample, commenting on a candidate for a Pentagon job: "His horsepower is too big for his flywheel.") But top career officers at the Pentagon who have seen four other Defense Secretaries come and go respect Wilson as a better administrator, production and financial man than any of his predecessors. They respect, too, the motives that brought him, at 62, to take the arduous Pentagon job. Since he sold his General Motors stock to qualify as Defense Secretary, Wilson's 39,470 shares, now in other hands, have gone up by \$2,788,000.

* 55.4% voted for Ike in 1952.

NEWS IN PICTURES



GRAND COULEE DAM (SHOWN DURING CONSTRUCTION) IS WORLD'S BIGGEST CONCRETE STRUCTURE.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE U.S.

ABOUT 200 B.C., Antipater of Sidon, the world's first Baedeker, listed the seven greatest sights of the ancient world: the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Phidias' statue of Zeus at Olympia, the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, the tomb of Mausolus, the Colossus of Rhodes, and the Pharos at Alexandria. Since then, countless generations have compiled similar lists to reflect the glories of later ages. Last week the American Society of Civil Engineers announced the results of a poll of its 38,000 members naming

the seven greatest construction projects of the 20th century U.S.

In a nation filled with spectacular engineering achievements, the choice was not easy. The engineers' criteria included the usefulness of a project, its pioneering in design and construction, the value of the pioneering as shown by later imitation, its beauty and size. Shown on these pages are the society's final choices, the seven civil-engineering wonders of the U.S.



HOOVER DAM, world's highest (727 ft.), supplies Colorado River power to U.S. Southwest. Finished in 1936, its design and engineering pioneered new methods in construction of big dams.

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND BRIDGE, six miles long, includes largest (but not longest) tunnel in world and anchorage caisson sunk to depth of 242 ft.





COLORADO AQUEDUCT, longest man-made conduit, carries Colorado River water by siphons,

canals and tunnels across 242 miles of mountains and deserts to 66 Pacific Coast communities.



SEWAGE SYSTEM in Chicago involved building canal, reversing flow of Chicago River. West-

Southwest Plant (above), biggest in world, serves population of more than 3,000,000 each day.



EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, with 102 floors and 222-ft. TV tower, is world's tallest (1,472 ft.), has office space for 58,000.



PANAMA CANAL, completed in 1914 to lift ships over Continental Divide, is vital link for U.S. shipping in war (above) and peace.



DEMOCRATS

Formal Announcement

In Duluth this week, leaders of Minnesota's Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party will request Adlai Stevenson to accept their endorsement for President. Within a few days, Stevenson will answer yes. Although he has previously made it obvious that he will run, *r.k.*, in Kingston, Ont. last fortnight, when he told newsmen he would accept the Democratic nomination if it were offered, Stevenson will consider his reply to Minnesota his formal announcement of candidacy. Thus, the 1952 Democratic nominee will become the first official entry in the 1956 presidential field.

Beachhead

Herbert Lehman, a popular symbol in New York Democratic politics, last week issued a formal statement: "Many months ago I stated publicly that, of the many well-qualified Democrats available for the nomination, my preference was Adlai Stevenson, and that I expected to support him. I see no reason for any change in my attitude or preference." This did not presage any substantial split in the New York State vote for Harriman, whose coach, Tammany's Carmine De Sapio, will control the 1956 convention delegation. But Lehman's name did give the Stevensons a beachhead in New York, where they could deploy diversionary forces with some nuisance value.

The Farmers' Friends

New York's pre-starched Governor Ave Harriman, who has never been photographed milking a cow (and never will be if his luck holds), planned to make his big pitch for farm support in another fashion at the Democrats' Midwest farm conference in Des Moines over the weekend. Harriman made the trip, his first speaking foray into the Midwest since the political season opened, to outline a farm policy based on price supports at 90% of parity—a figure calculated to comfort farmers and discomfit Adlai Stevenson.

Stevenson, worried by surplus farm production, had a hard time making up his mind on the 90% parity issue in 1952, and wavered again in his recent Green Bay speech (*TIME*, Oct. 17). With the G.O.P. committed to flexible price supports, and Stevenson uncertain, Ave Harriman decided to take the lead in favor of rigid 90% supports, plus subsidy payments for some perishables, plus programs to stimulate consumption. But the day before Harriman was to deliver his speech, Stevenson stole his thunder.

Since his Green Bay flop, Stevenson has wrestled with his scruples about 90% of parity, and won. In New York last week, he conferred with Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey, a leader of the farm-state Democrats, who hope to organize a "green uprising" against the G.O.P. at the polls next November. The Midwesterners made it plain that their support depended on Stevenson's accept-

ance of 90% of parity, and he came through.

In a message to the Des Moines conference, read by Humphrey's administrative assistant, Herb Waters, Stevenson came out 100% for 90% of parity, plus subsidy payments for some perishables, plus programs to stimulate consumption. He noted that price supports "by them-



CANDIDATE HARRIMAN
Stevenson jumped off the fence.

selves do not constitute a complete farm program. We must face the realities of surpluses and unbalanced production." But cheers drowned out the qualifications.

"This does it," exulted Minnesota's youngish (37) National Committeeman Gerald Heaney. Next night Harriman drew cheers too, but the delegates had already heard it all from Stevenson. His speech, Harriman admitted, contained "a good deal of the same thing."

POLITICAL NOTES

Match Races

On the assumption that President Eisenhower will not stand for re-election next year, Pollster George Gallup recently began surveys that matched pairs of possible Democratic and Republican nominees against each other. The results so far among those who expressed opinions:

Chief Justice Earl Warren	53%
Adlai Stevenson	47%
Warren	62%
New York's Governor Harriman	38%
Stevenson	53%
Vice President Richard Nixon	47%
Nixon	51%
Harriman	49%
Harriman	50%
Harold Stassen	50%

How Good Is Goodie?

A major shooting scrape in the continuing California political feud between Vice President Richard Nixon and Governor Goodwin J. Knight came on Aug. 8, 1954, in their fight for control of the Republican State Central Committee. Knight won hands down, installing his men both as chairman and vice chairman, largely because many of the committee members are appointed by state legislators who are notoriously sensitive to the governor's patronage and his veto power over their pet bills. Since then, it has been generally taken for granted that "Goodie" Knight could do much as he liked with the State Central Committee, and especially that he would have its overwhelming support in a contest with Nixon, for President or anything else. Last week, however, a survey taken by the Los Angeles *Mirror-News* brought home an old lesson: nothing can be taken for granted in California politics.

Querying the 600 members of the Republican State Central Committee, the *Mirror-News* received answers from more than 200. Of them, 79% assumed that President Eisenhower would not be a candidate. Asked to name their personal choices other than Ike, 50.5% endorsed Dick Nixon. After Nixon came Senator William Knowland, with 19.6% and Chief Justice Earl Warren with 16%. Goodie Knight stood a forlorn fourth with 6%. Forty-one percent of the committee members foresaw a primary fight next year between delegations pledged to Nixon and Knight. As between those delegations, 61.7% said they would favor Nixon's, only 22% said they would prefer Knight's.

Reading the poll, Goodie Knight announced in New York, where he was on a junket, that for President he would support 1) President Eisenhower if he decided to run again, 2) himself, as favorite-son candidate, if he does not, 3) Dick Nixon if Nixon wins Ike's nod and the G.O.P. nomination.

The *Mirror-News* also canvassed members of the Democratic State Central Committee and again received more than 200 answers. Of these Democrats, 82% favored Adlai Stevenson for their party's nomination, 9% were for Estes Kefauver and 4% for Averell Harriman. Half expected a California primary fight between Stevenson and Kefauver, and between such states, 72% were for Stevenson, only 12% for Kefauver.

RECREATION

On Their Merry Way

American blended rye whisky has a bouquet that matches the best cognac France can produce. The dogs of Yakima, Wash. are friendlier than dogs in most U.S. communities. The Burma-Shave company needs a greater variety of jingles for its roadside signs. The best apple pie in the U.S. is served at the Cottage Inn in Cripple Creek, Colo. The whistles of

railroad trains speeding across the American prairies are in the key of C, and are the first, third and fifth notes of a chord. These and other minutiae are among the many observations and conclusions of Mr. and Mrs. John David Gill, in the course of leisurely strolls around the U.S. and Canada. By this month the Gills, a Philadelphia couple, had been in pursuit of their favorite pastime—walking hand in hand through the world—for five years, and enjoying every minute of it.

Up the Matterhorn. The Gills are not very eccentric; neither are they hobos in the accepted sense of the word. John Gill, at 66, is a former member of the board of directors of the Atlantic Refining Co. His wife, who is 15 years younger, is a cultured Philadelphia matron. In 1951 Dorothea Gill persuaded her husband to retire and take a short trip to Europe. The trip lasted four years, and the Gills discovered that they saw and learned a great deal more by walking than riding. So they walked.

They climbed the Matterhorn, studied at Oxford for a summer, lived with a family in Denmark. Mrs. Gill filled some dozens of notebooks with odd facts and crisp comments. Last winter they came back home and began walking around North America, traveling comfortably between towns in a 1952 Cadillac, which is laden with complete wardrobes (including evening clothes). They have been at it for ten months and 15,000 miles, and feel they have hardly begun.

The Gills divide each community they visit into districts, and methodically scrutinize each district on foot. Dogs and lawn sprinklers are their main occupational hazards. They cover around ten miles on foot in an average day, have no use for timetables, spend as much—or as little—time as they wish in each town. Although they are well heeled, the Gills

live and travel modestly: whenever possible, they look for a place with cooking facilities, and Dorothea Gill prepares the family meals.

In their ramble across the U.S., the Gills have had some variegated experiences and some positive reactions. In Denver they attended a children's birthday party at the airport (they have no children of their own). In Great Bend, Kans., when tornadoes pirouetted around the town, says Mrs. Gill, "we didn't have enough sense to be scared." They helped roll cigars in Tampa. To celebrate the Fourth of July, they climbed a peak in Rocky Mountain National Park. At the top they watched the lightning strike a forest below, while they chatted with the ranger and his wife. In Cripple Creek, after sampling "the best apple pie in the U.S.," they danced until 2 a.m.

Nothing is too insignificant to escape their wrenlike curiosity. "You'd be surprised at the signs," says Mrs. Gill. "I noted them down. The ones we saw all over the United States were the Clabber Girl advertisement, Quaker State motor oil, Burma-Shave, Harold's Club of Reno and Jesse James' Hideout." Mrs. Gill has also noted every highway sign she has seen that needs correcting. "America," she says, "is full of wrong directions."

Slow Tip for a Princess. Just last week the Gills had reached British Columbia after sauntering through Washington State, where they stopped to pluck pears in a Yakima orchard and enjoy the sailboats fluttering on Seattle's breezy Lake Washington. Later, in Victoria, dressed appropriately in English tweeds and berets, they were promptly spotted and waved at by Britain's visiting princess Mary, the Princess Royal. (Mrs. Gill scolded Mr. Gill for not tipping his beret quickly enough.)

After another year or so of strolling through the U.S., the Gills plan another European jaunt—then, perhaps, Australia. Eventually, when they become too feeble to keep up with their walkathon, they hope to pick out the pleasantest town they have seen and settle down. It will be a difficult decision to make. "I have the names of a thousand towns jotted down in my notebooks," says Dorothea Gill, "and after each one I have the notation, 'This is the place I'd like most to live.'"

ARMED FORCES

Wizard for the Corps

To succeed retiring General Lemuel C. Shepherd as Commandant of the Marine Corps, President Eisenhower last week named Lieut. General Randolph McCall Pate, 57, a warmly modest little South Carolinian with a flamethrower's efficiency but none of its roar.

The corps' 21st commandant, born across Battery Creek from the Marines' Parris Island at Port Royal, S.C., began soldiering as a World War I Army private. After that, Randolph Pate, like Lemuel Shepherd, entered Virginia Military Insti-



GENERAL PATE
Ready to carry on.

Walter Bennett

tute,* graduated at the top of his class ('21), and entered the corps as a second lieutenant. For the next 20 years, Pate served in Hawaii, Santo Domingo and China. Then came Pearl Harbor. Major Pate, upped to lieutenant-colonel, became D-4 (supply officer) of the First Marine Division, set sail for the South Pacific and the testing time of two decades' waiting.

Most Astute. Expecting a leisurely stopover, the First arrived in New Zealand in June 1942, suddenly got orders to take Guadalcanal. All equipment had to be reloaded for combat immediately. In torrential rains on a crowded Wellington dock, D-4 Pate quietly bossed marines slithering through mushy corn flakes and drowned cigarettes, and wrapped up the job in a record 13 days.

On Guadalcanal, when the Japanese fleet drove off U.S. naval support, Pate tirelessly scrounged captured rice to feed the hungry First, finally was ordered off the island with a severe case of jungle rot. As his plane left Henderson field, it was riddled by enemy A.A. fire, crash-landed twelve hours later on a shallow reef that left the 25 survivors in waist-high water; they were rescued eleven days later. Pate recovered to help Major General Holland ("Howling Mad") Smith plan the amphibious assaults on Peleliu, Iwo Jima and Okinawa, won the Legion of Merit twice.

Very Surprised. After the war, Pate directed Marine Reserve training, served as a logistics planner for the Joint Chiefs. In 1953 he went back to the First Division as commander in Korea. In the final three months of bitter fighting, Pate earned a nickname ("The Wizard") and an Army

* When famed Major General Smedley Darlington ("The Fighting Quaker") Butler retired from the Marine Corps in 1931, he said bitterly that now but Annapolis men could aspire to be commandant. The Marines' last Annapolis-trained commandant was Major General John H. Russell, 1934-36.



THE WALKING GILLS
Enjoying every minute.

Jack Whitnall

Distinguished Service Medal for "most astute military judgment and discretion in the deployment of his troops." With characteristic meticulousness, he salvaged equipment after the armistice, re-established a strong battle line and policed the "Big Switch" prisoner exchange.

Last week, back in Washington as assistant commandant, the Wizard was living quietly with his Canadian-born wife Mary (they have no children) when his appointment was announced. In his new job, which he will take on early next year, Marine Pate vowed to carry on with the corps' "high morale, excellent training and readiness for battle."

HISTORICAL NOTES

MacArthur & Yalta

When the State Department made public the Yalta record (TIME, March 28), Senate Democrats hastened to defend Franklin D. Roosevelt's secret concessions to the U.S.S.R. by blaming his military advisers—notably General Douglas MacArthur. The fact that U.S. strategists urged Soviet entry into the Pacific war was taken to justify the Roosevelt deal made at Yalta. Senator Herbert Lehman attacked MacArthur, directly on the ground that he "urgently recommended that Soviet Russia be involved in the war against Japan." The two sides of the argument were talking about different questions: 1) Was it desirable that Russia enter the war? 2) Were the concessions justified? Last week, in a 40,000-word postscript to the 500,000-word Yalta record, the Defense Department released the supposed gist of all "major official military advice given on the question of Soviet participation in the war against Japan." It turned out that MacArthur sent his opinions on the subject to Washington only twice during the war.

¶ In December 1941, right after Pearl Harbor, he cabled that "entry of Russia is enemy greatest fear" and called for "immediate attack on Japan from the North."

¶ In June 1945, three-and-a-half years later, when President Truman was considering the projected U.S. invasion of Japan, MacArthur's advice was requested. He noted, among other favorable factors: "The hazard and loss will be greatly lessened if an attack is launched from Siberia sufficiently ahead of our target date to commit the enemy to major combat."

"Essential." The report contained no recommendations or statements of any kind from MacArthur relating to Yalta. But the New York Times and much of the U.S. press headlined reports filed by two War Department staff officers who discussed Pacific strategy with MacArthur in the Philippines in February 1945. Both reported that he considered a Soviet attack against the Japanese forces in Manchuria "essential." One said: "He emphatically stated that we must not invade Japan proper unless the Russian army is previously committed to action in Manchuria." The other quoted him as saying, "We should make every effort to get Russia into the Japanese war." The

talks had no effect on Yalta, because the Yalta conference was already over.

Some leading Democrats, after reading the record last week, declared that the report vindicated Roosevelt's conduct at Yalta. New York's Lehman said: "General MacArthur's views were represented to President Roosevelt as being exactly what I said, I am satisfied."

"Fantastic." In a public statement, MacArthur himself said: "The report of the Department of Defense fully confirms that I was never consulted concerning the Yalta conference, that I exercised no influence whatsoever thereon and knew nothing about its secret agreements until after they had been consummated and communicated to me. The report furthermore clearly demonstrates that the basis of such agreements lay in decisions taken by the State Department on political policy and the Joint Chiefs of Staff on military policy long before Yalta."

"Of these I was not informed. However,



GENERAL MACARTHUR
Both sides claimed the proof.

once such decisions had been taken and communicated to me following Yalta, they became binding upon me as upon any other theater commander. All future discussions thereon with War Department representatives necessarily became limited to consideration of their ultimate application to the conduct of the war. The attempt to interpret any statements I may have made in the course of such post-Yalta discussions as reflecting my pre-Yalta views and convictions is wholly unwarranted.

"The issue involved at the origin of this controversy was not whether Russia should have been brought into the Pacific war—this should have clearly been done at the beginning—but whether we should have made vital territorial concessions at the expense of Chinese sovereignty to induce Russia to come in at the end. On Dec. 13, 1941, I urged that Russia attack

immediately from the north. This would have saved countless lives, billions of dollars, and spared the Philippines, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, New Guinea and many Pacific islands.

"There is not the slightest hint of documentation over my signature in the entire Defense Department report which even remotely suggests my support of these territorial concessions which so adversely altered the course of future events in Asia; or that after my initial recommendation in 1941 I advocated prior to Yalta that Russia enter the Pacific war. To hold the contrary is to prevaricate the truth and the record.

"I repeat—had my views been requested concerning the secret agreements bearing upon Russia's entrance into the Pacific war I would have opposed them as fantastic."

THE LAW

Justice Denied

The Supreme Court put an end last week to a treason case that had been bungled from the beginning; the prosecution of ex-Sergeant John David Provo, a Californian who took up Buddhism in his youth, lived in a Japanese monastery, later enlisted in the U.S. Army. Captured on Corregidor in 1942, at 25, he served the Japanese as a stool pigeon, according to his fellow prisoners, and brought about the execution of a U.S. captain. But the Army brought no charges after the war, and Provo re-enlisted; it was 1949 before he was indicted for treason, and 1953 before he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Last year the U.S. Court of Appeals for New York reversed Provo's conviction on technical grounds; he should have been tried in Maryland, where first picked up, and he should not have been cross-examined on the "prejudicial" issue of homosexuality. He was indicted again in Baltimore, but last March U.S. District Judge Roszel C. Thomsen threw out the case, ruling: "Provo . . . has been denied the right of speedy trial within the meaning of the Sixth Amendment." Last week the Supreme Court upheld the dismissal.

THE CENSUS

Up 10½ Million

From 1950 to 1954, the U.S. population rose by 10,485,000 to 162,409,000, an increase of 7½, the Census Bureau reported this week. The states showing the biggest percentage gains: Nevada, up 31% from 160,083 to 210,000 and Arizona, up 23.8% from 749,587 to 928,000.

All regions showed increases: the Northeast by 6.1%, the North Central states by 6.5%, the South by 5% and the West by 14.3%. Despite the westward trend, Florida had a greater percentile increase than California, 19.1% to 18.1%.

Only seven states showed population declines: Arkansas by 5.8%, Oklahoma by 2.7%, Maine by 2.6%, Mississippi by 2.4%, Alabama by 2%, West Virginia by .8% and Vermont by .3%.

FOREIGN NEWS



GROUP CAPTAIN TOWNSEND
A delicate balance of church . . .

GREAT BRITAIN

Time for Decision

Shopgirls in Chelsea and clerks in Cheapside waited breathlessly last week for tidings that meant a happy or sad ending to the royal romance of the pretty Princess and the dashing airman. But beneath the soapbuds of sentiment, a serious crisis was forming. The plans of Princess Margaret, third in line for the throne of the British realm, and Group Captain Peter Townsend, R.A.F., a once-married commoner, have grown into the topmost concern of church and state. Britons sensed that a decision was in the making, but few knew all that was going on to shape it. The question concerned not only Princess Margaret's happiness but the British balance of church, state and throne.

Deliberate Affront. Powerful forces joined to change the mind of the earnest, conscientious young woman of 25, forced to choose between love and duty. In Anthony Eden's Cabinet, in the Established Church, even in the palace itself, persons opposed to the marriage were bending every effort to make the Princess aware of the seriousness of the step she proposed to take. Each day that passed threw more pressure against Margaret's apparent determination to renounce her royal rights and marry Peter Townsend.

Early in the week Queen Elizabeth officially sought the advice of her Cabinet ministers on her sister's wish to marry. Most of the ministers were against advising her one way or the other, but at least one came out stoutly against the marriage. He was Robert Cecil, Marquess of Salisbury, 62, whose family have scolded and guided the sovereigns of England since Elizabeth I.

Salisbury has been for years Anthony Eden's close friend and mentor. As Eden's chief representative in the House of Lords, he wields strong influence, and he is pressing it to the full. If the Cabinet came out for amending the Royal Marriage Act to ease the way for Margaret to marry a

commoner and a divorced man, Salisbury warned, he would quit the Cabinet. His reasoning was simple and without malice: the Queen heads the Church of England, and Margaret, as a member of her family and a potential successor to her throne, must abide by the church's rules. Eden, who is himself divorced and remarried (to Winston Churchill's niece, in a civil ceremony), had hoped to remain neutral, not fight a palace decision to approve the marriage. But Salisbury's firm opposition confronted Eden with the possibility of serious dissension in his Cabinet and perhaps even some disruptive resignations.

Even the Church of England, whose canons against marriage after divorce form the sternest deterrent, was split on the matter. A newspaper poll of 100 Anglican clergymen revealed that 85 would refuse to officiate at the proposed marriage, 13 would be willing to marry the pair, two were undecided. One outspoken churchman, Canon Charles Kirkland of Canterbury, told an audience of mothers last week that the Princess "contemplates doing something which is deliberately an affront both to religion and the church." Some other Anglican churchmen were quick to condemn these words as "cruel and unjust."

Nonetheless, Kirkland's words were known to reflect the views of 68-year-old Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, and, next to Queen Elizabeth herself, the highest official in the Anglican hierarchy. Like the Queen, the Archbishop avoided speaking his mind in public. But he is a close, old friend of the young Princess, and he was her greatest comfort at the time of her father's death.

Within the royal family itself, Margaret's brother-in-law, Prince Philip—himself a newcomer to the ruling family—



LORD SALISBURY
... and state.



PRINCESS MARGARET
... throne . . .

threw his influence against the marriage and urged his wife, the Queen, to oppose it.

"Devotion to Duty." As the pressures bore in upon her last week, Margaret kept her own counsel and performed with cool dignity the duties of her rank. But her face told a story of strain, suspense and indecision. Crowds of photographers, dogging her steps, glimpsed sometimes a young face, suffused with girlish happiness, sometimes a woman's face taut with worry. For nine out of ten successive days, the Princess managed to spend some well-chaperoned hours with Peter Townsend, usually at small, informal parties in the homes of friends. One such evening spun out until 1 a.m.

Next morning Airman Townsend galloped off alone into the morning mists for his daily ride, while his Princess went down to Limehouse to dedicate a new church community center. At one time, Margaret had to face and make polite conversation with 50 bishops of the church, her reluctant antagonists, at a formal dinner in Lambeth Palace, Canterbury's official residence. Another day she journeyed to Wiltshire to present a new set of colors to the 1st Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry. "History," she told the kilted soldiers, "is not made by a few outstanding actions. It is made remorselessly . . . by devotion to duty, by steadiness in times of anxiety, by discipline in waiting."

Her own time of anxiety and disciplined waiting was fast drawing to a close. Princess Margaret went off to Windsor to spend a weekend with her sister the Queen. There the decision might well be made. Though many were involved in its making, it was, in the end, Princess Margaret's decision to make. With the House of Commons returning and the public clamoring for news one way or the other, it could hardly be delayed much longer. "There really seems no reason," snapped the arch-conservative *Daily Telegraph* in a moment of impatience last week, "why the facts should not be stated."

A Brake on the Boom

Each spring when the Chancellor of the Exchequer presents his budget to Parliament, the imposts and expenditures which he proposes are expected to hold good for the entire year. Once in a while, he may be forced to submit an "autumn budget," a phrase which in Britain has become virtually synonymous with economic trouble. When Parliament reconvenes this week, Chancellor of the Exchequer Rab Butler will submit an autumn budget. It will be Britain's first in eight years.

Britain has been speeding along the highroad of prosperity, but wages and prices are rising, and industries busy meeting domestic needs have been draining off gold and dollar reserves by importing more goods than they could match in exports. "The Chancellor of the Exchequer has to be ready to step on the gas or apply the brake," explained Butler last week. "Frankly, the time has now come for a bit of the brake."

Rab Butler's brake was expected to consist of cuts in government spending and hikes in purchase and profits taxes. He is almost certain to be attacked as a jerky stop-and-go driver—Butler cut taxes only last spring, a month before the election which gave Sir Anthony Eden's government a five-year lease on life. At the time, Hugh Gaitskell, Labor's sometime Chancellor of the Exchequer, cried that the voters had been "bribed," and now Laborites stand ready to exhibit Butler's "autumn budget" as proof of their charge. But with perhaps four years to go before the next election, Rab Butler and the Tories can afford a bit of political discomfort as the price of economic caution.

Robbing the People

Socialist Norman Dodds, M.P., sat staring out of his study window at a group of workmen. They were tearing up the streets of Dartford (pop. 40,544) to replace old electrical cables, and Dodds had had numerous complaints that they were taking an unconscionable time about it. Dodds compiled a timetable:

8:00 a.m.—work began. Should have begun 7:30 a.m.

8:45 a.m.—a little digging. Two shovel-fuls displaced them.

9:30 a.m.—tea break . . .

10:15 a.m.—men rested on their shovels.

11:15 a.m.—sack of apples arrived and men left off work to eat them, lounging and talking.

1:00 p.m.—lunchtime. Men had long since disappeared.

2:00 p.m.—straggling back to work.

2:15 p.m.—trek to lavatory.

3:30 p.m.—afternoon tea break.

4:00 p.m.—back on job.

5:00 p.m.—men drifted off.

5:30 p.m.—official end of working day.

In an outraged speech to a meeting of his women constituents, Dodds snapped: "Men were absolutely wasted. I have never in my life seen men taking things as easy as that. One young man's sole purpose seemed to be watching and making

tea. They are robbing the people." He dispatched an angry letter to the London Electricity Board: "I did not support nationalization for it to be abused in this way."

Foreigners had hinted it, and unreconstructed Tories had grumbled it from the upholstered safety of their clubs. But Dodds's timetable was the first to dramatize what many a Briton has long suspected—that the British workingman, lulled by the padded security of his welfare state, no longer works as hard as he might. That the charge came from a Socialist made it all the more emphatic.

The workers challenged Dodds to do a week's work on a construction gang but were turned down ("From what I've seen I should almost die of monotony"). So last week they offered him a "safe conduct" if he would meet them on a street-corner to debate his charges. Dodds went,



SOCIALIST DODDS
One kept the flies away.

encountered storms of abuse but not much logic. "You really ought to be in a circus and not a Labor M.P.," shouted one. "What was I doing?" demanded another. "You kept the flies off the tea," said Dodds imperturbably. Dodds refused their pleas to apologize. "You cannot talk me out of what I saw. I saw it. It was a sickening sight."

"It was time the truth was told," agreed the august *London Times*. And Henry Randall, chairman of the London Electricity Board, replied to Dodds's letter with hearty concurrence. "Mr. Dodds has my thanks. But are the nationalized industries the only ones in which it occurs? This kind of thing is the cause of much of our economic trouble. . . . Present circumstances of full employment, while welcomed by good employer and good employee, inevitably provide opportunities for acquiring maximum pay for minimum amount of work."

THE SAAR

Nein!

A thousand officials from outside went in to mount watch at polling places. Red-and-white border barricades dropped down to keep out everybody else. Then some 650,000 citizens of the industrial Saar basin freely cast their votes. The question: Would they accept the "Europeanizing" of their territory, and thereby advance the cause of European unity and Franco-German amity?

The polls had barely closed this week when the answer began to appear: a loud and disturbing *nein*. By a margin of more than two to one, Saarlanders, German-speaking and German-oriented, had rejected a plan giving them political autonomy under the new Western European Union (*TIME*, Oct. 17) and continued postwar economic union with France.

The course they were choosing instead was not clear. In their minds, the Saarlanders were choosing reunion with their native Germany, though they had no chance of such a choice. Actually, they were choosing to begin a long and tortuous quarrel within the Western family. France warned in advance that if the Saar voted *nein*, French control would go on as before. Sincere men in Paris and Bonn had done their best, but now the old wound was open and throbbing again.

As the Saarlanders' choice became clear, the champions of Europeanization were first to dramatize its impact. Saar Premier Johannes Hoffmann, figurehead of the Saar-for-Europe movement, promptly resigned. From his sickbed in Bonn, West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, urgent advocate of a vote for Europeanization, was said to be "deeply disturbed," and he called his Cabinet into emergency session to consider what to do next.

BERLIN

Little Men, What Now?

A harassed, cramped and bothered existence is that of the western half of Berlin, encircled outpost of freedom. One in three of its 2,200,000 inhabitants works on some kind of government relief. "We plant flowers, instead of constructing buildings as they do in West Germany," said a relief worker last week. All roads into West Berlin are blocked except two strictly controlled highways, and the city is ringed by the rifled steel of East German *Volks-polizei* and divisions of the Red army. Each day precisely 13 freight trains, 17 barges and 500 automobile trucks loaded with food, fuel and raw materials for West Berlin stomachs and factories are allowed to enter from West Germany. To keep West Berlin alive, the West German government allots a special stipend (\$213,857,42 this year).

A dubious compensation enjoyed by West Berliners is the knowledge that conditions in Communist-controlled East Germany are worse. East Berliners who work in Communist government offices sign an undertaking not to enter West Berlin,

but others manage short visits. "Whenever we have the time, my wife and I take a quick stroll across the border to look at all the nice cars, dresses, shoes and good food on display," said an East German mechanic last week. "If I could not do this, I would flee."

Epidemic Pessimism. Actually, some 200 refugees cross permanently into West Berlin every day, and East German pessimism is epidemic. Said a West Berlin businessman: "Every time our relatives come over to this side, they have a gloomy story to tell. We try to cheer them up, but when they return to East Berlin, they take away a little of our optimism. Some day our spirits will be as low as theirs." Said a West Berlin worker: "The only thing that can save us is reunification."

To give Berliners a lift, and show that they are not forgotten, Bonn decided last May to send them West Germany's most cherished possession: the Bundestag (Lower House of Parliament). It was reckoned that a meeting in Berlin of the democratically elected Bundestag would throw a massive challenge at Soviet despotism and its stooge East German government. Last week West Berlin got the Bundestag—its first look at a democratic Parliament in 22 years—but the effect was less than expected.

When some Deputies arrived from Helmstedt, only a few officials were there to say welcome. Some crowds gaped as one \$5,000 Mercedes-Benz after another whisked Deputies around the city, while their expensively furred wives went to eat cake and whipped cream in coffeehouses along the fashionable Kurfürstendamm. But a Berlin newspaper remarked tartly, when well-fed Deputies had difficulty squeezing into the student-size seats in the Technological Institute auditorium, temporary home for the Bundestag: "These benches weren't made to accommodate representatives of the West German economic miracle."

The subject chosen for debate was round Economic Affairs Minister Ludwig Erhard's program to control West Germany's economic boom and accompanying wage-price spiral. The debate took the form of a few unctuous commonplaces. Said one of the 150 West Berliners in the audience: "They come to us up here and squabble about their own wealth."

For Future Use. West Berlin's disenchanted mood was due in great part to the fact that none of the "Geneva spirit" has warmed Berlin; in fact, Adenauer's visit to Moscow and the resultant emphasis on "two Germanys" seemed to Berliners to put reunification even farther in the distance. "It was nice of the Bundestag to visit us," said a West Berliner. "But what can they do for us?"

The West German government, however, did not give in to discouragement. "We are going to have more of this, and soon Berliners will feel like citizens again," said a spokesman. Workmen at the Technological Institute carefully stored away the Bundestag president's desk and the speaker's rostrum for future use.

FRANCE

Chastened Men

Blithely the Deputies of the French National Assembly returned home for the weekend. The ceremonies were laid out in the basket prepared for a routine political burial—this time of Premier Edgar Faure, his eight-month-old government and his policy of reform for Algeria. But in their villages and provincial towns, the Deputies made a disconcerting discovery: their constituents were sick and tired of government crises. Worse, with elections scheduled for next year, the voters seemed ready to vent their displeasure on the Deputies themselves.

Suddenly, all France rang with voices warning the politicians to mend their ways. President René Coty himself joined in the alarm: "In the course of their ephemeral existence, the successive chiefs of govern-

ment have bitterly died, said cavernously: "The fall of the Cabinet would only have happy consequences." But most Deputies were in a chastened mood. Stubby little Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay spent hours in corridors and offices whipping his moderates and rightists into line. If they were counting on him to replace Faure, he told them, they were wrong. He would flatly refuse to accept the premiership. "If the government is overthrown," he said, "it will mean rejection of the European statute for the Saar, revival of German nationalism, undermining of the Atlantic alliance, and France's inability to play any influential role at the four-power talks in Geneva."

When Faure rose for a final appeal, he scarcely mentioned the Algerian program. Instead, he pleaded with his colleagues not to let "their vision [be] clouded by that special poison of our political life



FOREIGN MINISTER PINAY & PREMIER FAURE
Liberty is the right to discipline oneself.

AGF—Black Star

ment have unceasingly, and for any reason, seen their confidence and authority questioned by those who invested them. Day after day, they are tormented and harassed until they are morally and physically exhausted." Pointedly, Coty cited Clemenceau's dictum: "Liberty is the right to discipline oneself so as not to be disciplined by others." In the pages of *Le Figaro*, André François-Poncet, longtime French High Commissioner in Germany and a "living immortal" of the Académie Française (see below), declared: "[Another crisis] would justify the calumnies which depict us, in all languages of the world, as the 'sick man of Europe,' the worm-eaten plank to which it would be folly to continue to cling . . . Already abroad we are being stricken from the role of great peoples."

That Special Poison. As the Deputies reassembled to decide Faure's fate, General Adolphe Aumeran, spokesman for

which makes every ministry seem odd if it lasts longer than six months." He concluded: "If your verdict is unfavorable to me, I shall accept it without bitterness; the responsibilities of power are heavy, very heavy . . . If I have not yielded to weariness, if I fight to the end, it is because I think it is my duty to do so; it is because I believe, in the bottom of my heart, that it is in the interest of my country." When the votes were counted, Faure won the Assembly's "confidence" by 308 to 254, a majority far larger than any had predicted.

As usual, the Assembly's decision was soggy with reservations. Ex-Premier Georges Bidault growled: "I voted for the government with death in my soul." One Gaullist complained: "I voted 'for' but I've just told Edgar that I deposited my ballot with a pair of fire tongs." The Socialists, who had given Faure his majority by backing his Moroccan policy, voted

solidly against him on Algeria, on the ground that he was not moving toward reforms fast enough. So did three-fourths of the Gaullists, who thought Faure was going too far, and the Communists, who vote against almost everything. But of the 294 Deputies between these extremes of right and left, all but 21 voted "for."

Be Generous or Lose. Faure had achieved a mighty step forward: he had won approval for a policy of reform in North Africa, and thereby saved a part of France's tattered international reputation. But he had not done it gracefully. He had blinked at insubordination by high military officers, tolerated defiance from his own ministers, allowed appointees to modify his orders and obstruct his express wishes. In so doing, he had jeopardized his own claim to leadership. Yet his very temporizing had forced Frenchmen to accept the difficult fact: France must be generous to North Africa or lose it.

Politically, it was an extraordinary accomplishment to win two votes of confidence in two weeks by comfortable margins—and with two very different majorities. "You don't have a Premier, you have a magician," one Deputy told a Cabinet minister. At week's end, trying to capitalize on his temporary advantage, Faure announced that he would ask the Assembly to approve new elections for early December, with the hope of producing an Assembly with a more stable majority. Said *France-Tireur* sourly: "The Assembly, if it decides to dissolve itself, will have accomplished its first useful act for the Republic."

The Green Fever

In French high cultural circles, mere excellence is not considered the whole guarantee of immortality. The distinguished men who at any one time occupy the 40 chairs of the famed Académie Française enjoy a specific patent of immortality that dates back to Cardinal Richelieu. But many of France's greatest writers have been barred from the academy for reasons that had little to do with their greatness. The academy's mythical "41st chair," reserved by legend for those who never made the grade, has been occupied by such greats as Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose loose living and houseful of illegitimate children were too much for the academicians; Encyclopedist Denis Diderot, who was a deal too outspoken; and plump, ill-dressed, Bohemian Honoré de Balzac, who seemed just too much of a mess.

Last week the 14 living members of the ancient Académie took a bold step in amending its reputation for crusty conservatism by receiving into their august midst a literary figure as contentious as he is unpredictable. The new member: Jean Cocteau, poet, painter, novelist, dancer, movie producer (*Blood of a Poet*), playwright, poseur and talker. Now 66 and still savoring his reputation as France's esthetic *enfant terrible*, Cocteau in times past has taken a gamin's delight in cocking a snook at the stuffy academicians. But things change, he explained, and "one wants to be

oneself and yet the opposite." Like others before him, nonconformist Cocteau had succumbed to "the Green Fever," the desire to wear the gold-embroidered green uniform of the academy's Immortals.

Humble Pie. "When our number is 40, they mock and tease; when we're 39, they're down on their knees," runs an old academy jingle. However talented and rebellious, aspirants to this particular Olympus must first appease the gods-in-being by eating a certain amount of literary humble pie. An applicant must beg for admission in terms as carefully prescribed as an ancient Hittite ritual; his friends must sedulously woo the Immortals in



ACADEMICIAN COCTEAU
To be oneself and yet the opposite.

his behalf. "Is your poetry any good?" snapped a windy old Immortal at Victor Hugo when he was seeking entrance. "I have been told, sir," answered Hugo, "that it is as fine as your speeches, but I don't believe it."

Once past the barrier, the life of an Immortal is less taxing. It consists largely in collecting an annual stipend of 60,000 francs (\$171) and showing up every Thursday in the Académie chamber beneath the great dome of the Institut de France, there to pursue in quiet deliberation tasks ordained by Richelieu 320 years ago. Chief of these tasks is that of "keeping the French language elegant" by constant revision of an official dictionary. It is slow work. The Immortals, though their average age is 73, are in no hurry. The last revised edition of their dictionary was finished in 1932, and they are only up to the B for *braise* in the new version. Naturally, one must not rush headlong into the definition of words as delicate as *bouillabaisse* (should it, or should it not, include a slice of floating stale bread?), or to the

admission of such Americanisms as *bluff* (accepted). So, with only the deadline of immortality to achieve, the academicians ponder the verities, polish their language and, each year, award a prize to some young Frenchwoman who, "born in comfort, but forced by Fortune to work, prefers a life of honest and honorable poverty to that offered women who choose wealth, to the detriment of their honor."

"Astonish Me!" Last week, as Cocteau took his place at last in the charmed circle of immortality, devoted crowds of the *avant-garde* gathered outside the former Palais Mazarin, and free tickets to the induction ceremony were scalped for as much as \$50. Most were hoping to be shocked, for the yearning to startle and shock has infused much of Cocteau's gaudy swoopings, soarings and occasional pancake landings among the lively arts. The value of surprise was brought home to Cocteau one day 40 years ago, when the ballet impresario Diaghilev turned a coolly monocled eye on Cocteau and quieted his cocky babble of witticisms with a curt "Astonish me!" To astonish, Cocteau has since dabbled furiously, rebelliously and often brilliantly in every branch of the arts and senses (he tried opera briefly, and then religion, also briefly). He has been sometimes hooted at, sometimes hailed and invariably noticed.

The only surprises Cocteau prepared for his entry into the academy, however, were his costume, an especially fancy Académie uniform tailored (by Lanvin) of midnight blue instead of the traditional green with gold braid, and his sword (by Cartier) with a hilt modeled to represent a profile of Oedipus. In his initiation speech, Cocteau turned the flow of his conversation on the Immortals with a respect tempered only gently by the old glint of satiric impertinence. "The time is coming when one will no longer be able to read or write, when a few mandarins will whisper secrets to each other," he told the assembled academicians. "I express the wish that the academy at that time protect the persons suspected of individualism. I would like to think that our doors would open for the singular persecuted by the plural."

Somewhat dubbed an Immortal, Cocteau promised: "Entrance to the Académie is the last scandal I will create."

MIDDLE EAST

Toil & Trouble

The witches' cauldron of the Middle East boiled and bubbled last week:

¶ Egypt and Syria signed a defensive military alliance directed against Israel, and set up a joint army command.

¶ Five shiploads of arms from Communist countries were reported to have arrived in Alexandria, Egypt.

¶ Yemen announced that it was negotiating a "friendship pact" with the U.S.S.R.

¶ Israel's Premier Moshe Sharett appealed to world Jewry for funds to buy arms, raised \$1,000,000 in the first week of a local Israeli campaign for donations to buy more weapons. In the Knesset, former

Terrorist Leader Menachim Beigin called for a "preventive war" against Egypt.

¶ In Paris, Israeli Chief of Staff Major General Moshe Dayan talked with French Chief of Staff General Augustin Guillaume. There were emphatic denials, but their subject apparently was more Mystère jets for Israel.

¶ In Tel Aviv, after a new border clash, the U.N. truce chief, Canadian Major General E.L.M. Burns, said: "The irreducible minimum conditions" provide no common ground for peace talks.

BUGANDA

Exile's Return

When the signal came from the airport, the royal drums thundered into life for the first time in two years. To Buganda's 1,300,000 people, the noise announced the return of their beloved Kabaka (King). Thousands of gallons of banana beer had been brewed, garlands fashioned, 16 arches constructed over the processional route with banners proclaiming: "He has triumphed." Stiffly upright in his immaculate grey suit, 31-year-old Edward William Frederick David Walugembe Luwanga Mutebi—Kabaka Mutebi II—bowed stiffly to the right and left from his Rolls-Royce convertible as it rolled triumphantly toward his palace in Kampala past throngs of his screaming, weeping, dancing subjects. They beat their cheeks in the Buganda brand of war whoop, thumped tom-toms, flung themselves prostrate as the Kabaka passed. And for four days and nights, an orgy of welcome roared on.

No Time for Change. For young King "Freddie," as his London friends call him, it was a proud moment and sweet revenge for the humiliation back in 1953, when he watched Uganda's British Governor Sir Andrew Cohen touch a button in his office to summon a policeman. Then, King Freddie was unceremoniously hustled aboard a plane for exile in London without so much as a chance to change his clothes or say goodbye to his wife. King Freddie's sin was that he had dared defy the governor's plans for Uganda, of which Buganda is officially a province.

The British were talking of melding Uganda into white-dominated Kenya and Tanganyika to form an East African Federation. The Kabaka, ruler of a proud old kingdom where white men cannot even buy land without great legal difficulties, wanted no part of a multi-racial federation. He demanded separation from Uganda and that the British set a date for self-government. Furthermore, the Kabaka balked at Governor Cohen's proposal to allocate to Africans only 20 of the 56 seats in the protectorate's new Legislative Council—less voice for 5,300,000 Africans than for 57,000 whites and Asians. The British colonials were aghast; this troublesome young man had to go, and the Lukiko (Parliament) could elect somebody more malleable to replace him. The decision, said Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton, was "final."

Hollow Triumph. To the British it had seemed simple and tidy. Lyttelton silenced Laborite criticism and moved himself nearly to tears with an emotional speech about his own affection for the Kabaka. "It was the more painful to me because he was a member of my university, and of my regiment [the Grenadier Guards], and a friend of my son's at Cambridge!" The press applauded, the critics subsided chaffal.

Scarcely anybody noticed that parliamentary triumphs in London had no effect whatever in Buganda. There the Lukiko refused flatly to elect anyone to replace the Kabaka. Cohen was hissed and booed in Kampala. Thousands of the Kabaka's subjects swore never to shave until he returned. Even when the British offered concessions, the Lukiko refused to accept them in the Kabaka's absence. King Freddie, ensconced in a West End apartment at Britain's expense, behaved as a young ex-guardian should.

Price of Mistake. Finally, Her Majesty's government was forced to recognize that they had made a mistake. Under new Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd, agreements were worked out which changed the Kabaka from an absolute to a constitutional (and therefore more manageable) monarch, and King Freddie agreed to swear renewed loyalty and obedience to the Queen. But Freddie got more than he gave. The British reshaped the protectorate's Legislative Council to include, for the first time, more Africans than whites. They promised not to press the East African Federation. They gave Buganda control over its own natural resources, schools and local government. Africans were allotted three jobs in the protectorate "Cabinet," the first time that African hands have been allowed to touch executive power.

With typical Whitehall urbanity, the

Colonial Office represented the Kabaka's exile and return as designed from the first for the Baganda's own good, which had been practically forced on them to save the Baganda from the stubbornness of an absolute monarch. They should have told that to the Baganda. At the ceremonial signing of the new agreements last week, 10,000 roared noisy applause as King Freddie spoke. Then Governor Cohen rose, "Who does not believe that this friendship [of Britain and Buganda] has emerged not diminished but strengthened?" he asked rhetorically. The assembled tribal chiefs burst into raucous, mocking laughter.

AUSTRALIA

Out of the Billabong

The mysterious bunyip, the legendary beastie that lives at the bottom of the placid Australian billabong, is less strange to Australians than Herbert Vere Evatt. A shaggy intellectual who leaped zestfully from the High Court bench into the labor political swamp in 1940, Evatt was Minister of External Affairs in three successive Labor governments, was once (1948) president of the U.N. General Assembly and was long a man expected by many to become Prime Minister. But Herbert Evatt's public popularity and political power have been shaking apart since Australia's Petrov spy case broke early last year, just as Evatt, leader of the Labor Party, was fighting to return to power. Spy Petrov, onetime third secretary at the U.S.S.R. embassy in Canberra, revealed that there had been information leaks to Russia from the External Affairs Department during Evatt's leadership, even mentioned two of Evatt's former secretaries in connection with some fast and loose handling of government secrets (they were later cleared). Evatt's Labor Party lost



GOVERNOR COHEN & KABAKA MUTESI II AT CEREMONIAL SIGNING
And the Baganda played on.

the election, and Evatt cried that the Petrov case had been cooked up by the Liberal Party to keep it in power.

Honest Witness. No one accused troubled Herbert Evatt of any Communist affiliations or pro-Communist leanings. Still, he exploded like an enraged bull before a royal commission that set out to investigate the Petrov revelations (TIME, Sept. 27, 1954), and even questioned the motives of the commission itself when it ruled unanimously last August that Petrov was an honest witness.

Many were astonished at Evatt's tactics, for royal commissions are highly respected institutions in the Commonwealth countries. But Australians were even more astonished last week when Herbert Evatt revealed that he had written to Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov asking whether the Petrov documents, with their proof of energetic Soviet espionage, were valid. Said Evatt: "I duly received a reply which informed me that the documents given to the Australian authorities by Petrov 'can only be . . . falsification, fabricated on the instructions of persons interested in the deterioration of Soviet-Australian relations and in discrediting their political opponents.'" Evatt asked that the Petrov case be reopened before an international commission, on which the Soviet Union would be represented.

Profound Naiveté. Australians could only wonder what Evatt thought he was doing. It had been possible for Evatt to claim with some justice that the Petrov case had been unfairly used to defeat his chance of becoming Prime Minister; it was also a fact that the Petrov disclosures had led to no arrests. But to suggest that the word of Moscow should be solicited, let alone be taken seriously, displayed at the least a queer and profound naiveté on the part of a longtime high minister who aspired to govern Australia. It seemed a blunder that could wreck the Labor Party's chances of achieving office for some time to come. At any rate, the issue, all hotted up by Evatt's dealings with Molotov, offered too good an opportunity for the Liberals to pass up. Last week, Prime Minister Menzies, with 18 months of office still to run, prepared to dissolve Parliament and call for a snap election in December.

ITALY

The New Marco Polo

The most sought-after politico in Italy today is Pietro Nenni, 64, the yeasty, eloquent leader of Italy's Red Socialists. Ever since the center-right Christian Democratic coalition proved itself unstable, Italian politicians have been hypnotized by the possibility of an alliance with Nenni's party. But could Nenni be detached from his warm partnership with Palmiro Togliatti and the Communists? Some said he could be, some said he could not. Nenni simply said: Why don't you try me and find out?

Last week, still a little breathless, Pietro Nenni returned from a four-week swing

through Communist-land. From what he had said to the Marxists and what the Marxists had said to him, it was clear as never before that Nenni was scarcely distinguishable from the genuine Marxist article.

Dove for Love. Heading for Peking, Nenni stopped off in Moscow for some full VIP treatment. At a dinner given for him by the Stalin Peace Prize Committee, onetime (1951) Prizewinner Nenni recalled that another Italian traveler, one Marco Polo, had also traveled to Peking, where the Great Khan had entrusted him with two beautiful maidens he wanted to save from the snares of court life. Said Nenni: "Well, there is no longer a Great Khan at Peking, but rather the head of the people's government. He will not hand us young girls to be saved, but he will instead give us the dove of peace to take



NENNI & MAO TSE-TUNG

Beneath the trap door, a bear pit.

back to Italy as a symbol of the wish for peace of the Chinese people."

In Peking, Nenni took tea with Mao Tse-tung, addressed the Communists' Consultative Political Conference ("It is a scandal that this new, vibrant China has not been admitted to the United Nations"), talked mutual trade with Premier Chou En-lai, discussed Roman Catholicism with the self-styled "vicar general of Peking." Concluded Nenni: "Catholic missionaries in China can leave and return as they like," provided, of course, that they do not carry out "counter-revolutionary propaganda."

Two on a Terrace. Returning through Russia, Nenni got the highest compliment of all: the Russians laid on a special plane which flew him down to the "splendid marble villa" of Nikita Khrushchev near Yalta in the Crimea. Nenni sat with Khrushchev on a terrace overlooking the Black Sea, and companionably discovered that he and Nikita were as one in many things. German unification (both against), a European "security" pact (both for), etc., etc. According to Nenni, the closest

they came to discussing Italian politics was a casual remark of Khrushchev's: "And, by the way, how is Togliatti feeling these days?" Nenni rather implied that Khrushchev was just being polite—Togliatti has yet to receive an invitation to Yalta, or even to Moscow, from Russia's post-Stalin bosses.

As Nenni returned last week spouting his reports, many an Italian who had been voluble on the merits of the Nenni "opening to the left" fell into crestfallen silence. Snapped one Italian politician: "That's no opening—that's a trap door, and right over the bear pit."

SPAIN

Death of a Philosopher

At the turn of the century a young Spanish philosopher, home from the German universities, used to walk the stone terrace before the great Escorial palace proclaiming to himself: "I am I plus my circumstances." Looking up at granite reminders of bygone imperial glory and reflecting on the fresh memory of Spain's ignominious defeat in Cuba, José Ortega y Gasset decided that the circumstances of Spanish life demanded drastic overhaul. For 300 years, he wrote, Spain had been sinking into a "long coma of egotism and idleness . . . Today we are not so much a people as a cloud of dust that was left hovering in the air when a great people went galloping down the high road of history."

The Revolt of the Masses. For the next 25 years José Ortega y Gasset, a small smoldering son of Socrates exuberantly engaged in the circumstances of Republican revolution, held sway over the liveliest minds of the Spanish-speaking world. Disagreeing sometimes with his great fellow philosopher Miguel de Unamuno, he was to be found in Madrid salons surrounded by poets and duchesses, fulminating at Iberian decadence till hostesses swept the whole lot out at dawn. To lead Spain out of its self-centered provincialism into fruitful communication with the rest of Europe, Ortega founded the most famous Spanish newspaper (the liberal *El Sol*) and the most widely quoted Spanish review (*Revista de Occidente*) of the day. He launched political manifestoes ("Spaniards, our nation does not exist. Reconstruct it. The monarchy must be destroyed"). And all the while, in the most exquisitely modulated Castilian prose of the 20th century, he wrote about Spain, art, bullfighting, modern poetry and the timeless problems of moral philosophy.

An individuality so tauntly drawn between the twin Spanish columns of dignity and passion could never conform to the crude consequences of his own controversial eloquence. His victories defeated him. Three years before Hitler came to power, Ortega wrote a famous book with the prophetic title: *The Revolt of the Masses*. In the U.S., and in Europe as well, it was a Depression-time bestseller, whose striking Nietzschean phrases punctuated parlor talk and political arguments about whether, in the 20th century technological civiliza-



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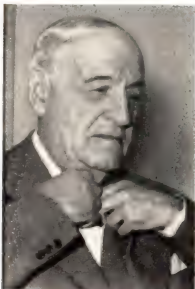
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Nicolas Muller

ORTEGA Y GASSET

"I am I plus my circumstances."

tion, mass man tends to supplant the elite. Lesser men seized on his exalting of the "select minority" to forward the Nazi cause, conveniently disregarding his characteristic distinction that "the select man is not the petulant person who thinks himself superior to the rest but the man who demands more of himself than the rest . . ." When Spain overthrew the monarchy, against which he had inveighed so powerfully, Ortega took a seat in the new Cortes but almost immediately found the new republic "sad and sour," nothing like the enlightened instrument of civilization that he had envisioned.

The Time of Silence. The outbreak of civil war in 1936 completed Don José's disenchantment. For nine dour years he lived and wrote in French, Argentine and Portuguese exile. In 1945 he went back to Madrid, but his philosophy chair at the university remained vacant. "In times of great passion," he told a friend, "the duty of the intellectual is to remain silent, because in times of passion one has to lie and the intellectual has no right to lie." Of his life under the Franco dictatorship Ortega often said: "I am here, but I do not exist here. I do not want to take part in anything."

Only once more did he leave his "non-existence" (in 1949 he came to the U.S. to take part with Albert Schweitzer in the Goethe Festival at Aspen, Colo.) and one day last week it ended in fact as well as in spirit. At 72, José Ortega y Gasset died in Madrid of cancer. The press had long been obliged to disregard Ortega. But on his death, A.B.C., the capital's leading newspaper, devoted eleven pages to pictures, tributes and stories of Spain's celebrity. Trained by the Jesuits, Ortega left the church early, fought it, but was never the atheist he was sometimes called. "He died Christianly," said the Madrid daily *La Voz*. During his final hours of unconsciousness, a priest friend gave him last rites and, as

his widow requested, he was buried in a Catholic cemetery. He had written what could serve for his epitaph: "The supreme value of life—just as the value of money is in spending it—is to lose it on time and in good grace."

POLAND

Release

In 1945, only a few weeks after the conference at Yalta, a group of 16 Polish underground leaders was invited to Moscow to discuss Russian-occupied Poland's private problems. Carrying with it a Russian general's "word of honor" that its "personal safety is assured," the group headed for Russia. One of the group's leaders was General Leopold Okulicki, who succeeded General Bor as leader of the home underground army that fought the Nazis and then, in a vain bid to stop the transfer of Poland from Nazi to Red rule, harassed the on-moving Red army. Soon after crossing the border, the 16 were flicked from view.

Six weeks later, Premier Stalin wrote Prime Minister Churchill and President Truman that "the group of Poles . . . was arrested by the military authorities on the Soviet front and is undergoing investigation in Moscow . . . General Okulicki's group, and especially the general himself, are accused of planning and carrying out diversionary tactics in the rear of the Red army which resulted in the loss of over 100 fighters and officers of that army."

Three of the 16 have since come back from the prisons to which they were sentenced for terms ranging up to ten years. Last week, ten years after his arrest, there came the first news of a fourth. The Soviet Red Cross officially notified Mme. Okulicki in London that her husband had died "of natural causes" in a Moscow jail. Date of death: Christmas Eve, 1946.

FORMOSA

Second Chance

The special commission investigating the case of General Sun Li-jen, the U.S.-educated World War II hero who abruptly resigned last summer as Chiang Kai-shek's personal chief of staff amid rumors of a Red plot (TIME, Aug. 29), made public its findings last week. Its verdict: General Sun had formed a clique of army officers that had been used—without his knowledge—by a Red agent. Accepting the commission's recommendation of clemency, President Chiang announced that the general would be "given an opportunity to redeem himself and be subject to no further disciplinary action."

General Sun had got off lightly. According to the evidence made public last week, he had built up the sort of outfit to back his personal ambitions. A similar undertaking within the U.S. Army would have brought instant dismissal to any general so involved. In entrusting liaison with his organization to a Major Kuo Ting-liang, who has since confessed to being a secret

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Communist, Sun played at best a dupe's role. In the commission's view, Sun "could not have been entirely ignorant of the conspiracy" planned by the major and broken up last summer by counterintelligence.

In letting Sun off with little more than a reprimand, the commission said it took account of his distinguished fighting record and his "admission of past mistakes and self-censure." Leniency toward Sun also served to reassure U.S. and overseas Chinese opinion, which holds Sun in high esteem and might have wondered at the implications for Nationalist China's future had so able, senior and "Western-minded" a leader been tossed overboard. Much cheered by the verdict, General Sun called last week on Vice President Chen Cheng, the commission chairman, to offer his thanks and to remind the Vice President that he is an engineer (Purdue '23) as well as a military man (V.M.I. '27). Sun's likely next assignment: Formosa's new Shihmen dam project, of which Chen Cheng is also chairman.

ASIA

Atomic Good Will

Representatives of 17 nations gathered in Singapore's blue-columned Victoria Hall last week to take stock of the Colombo Plan's first five years and to chart a course for the next six.

Started as a mutual self-help scheme among British Commonwealth nations, the Colombo Plan has since expanded to nearly all free Asian nations, produced in five years an interchange of \$2 billion worth of economic development. Donor nations, e.g., Britain, Canada, Australia, have poured in capital and know-how, while recipient nations have exchanged such experts and such know-how as they have, e.g., India has sent four aeronautical engineers to Indonesia; Singapore is teaching timber grading to a Nepalese trainee; two Japanese rice physiologists are scattering seed in Ceylon.

The U.S. was not represented when the Colombo Plan (named for the Ceylon capital where the plan was hatched) began, but the U.S. began to mesh its aid programs to the plan, by last week had spread almost \$1 billion of help beneath the Colombo Plan's broad canopy.

In Singapore last week, the Asians, including many who regarded direct U.S. aid as somehow "immoral" but found it acceptable when distributed through the Colombo machinery, sought out the U.S. delegate. Foreign Aid Chief John B. Hollister, to learn what fresh U.S. contributions might be expected.

Britain had promised to double its contribution (to nearly \$20 million). Hollister had news even more pleasing to the Asian ear. Proposing that the Colombo powers set up an atomic energy research and training center, he announced that the U.S. is ready to give a nuclear research reactor and, later, a nuclear power reactor. Said one Asian delegate: "For more than a decade, Asians have looked to the atom as a symbol of terror. Now, perhaps, it may become for us a symbol of hope."

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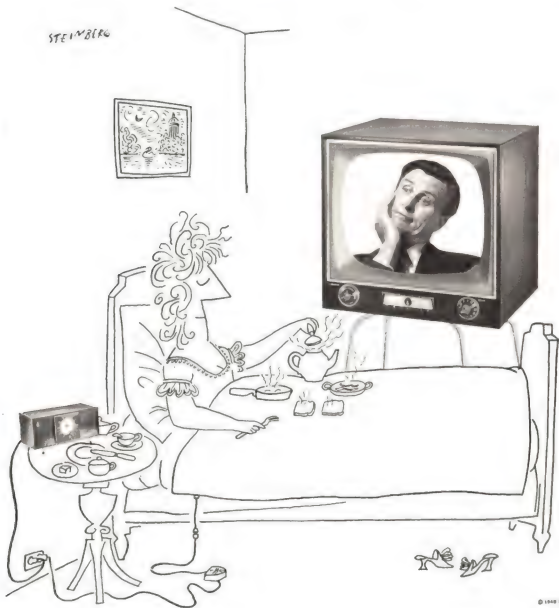
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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Veteran of four childless marriages, Cinemascope **Clark Gable**, 54, surprised his recent bride (*TIME*, July 24), sometime Cinematress **Kay Williams Gable**, 37, by lighting up a cigar at a Hollywood soiree and declaiming on the glorious institution of fatherhood. Forgiving Gable for his inability to keep their secret (ETA: next May), Kay chirped: "He certainly went all ham then . . . Besides, he's started to pamper me, and I've never been pampered in my whole life." Kay once charged that her former husband, the bibulous-sugar heir, "Daddy" Adolph B. Spreckels II, beat her with a jeweled slipper. Someone reminded Kay that she will soon be deluged with baby showers. Said she "Oh, dear! I've just finished thanking everyone for our wedding presents."

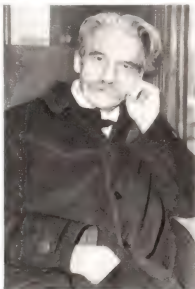
Geneva-spirited word came from Moscow that Russia's great Author **Fedor Dostoevsky**, long dead (since 1881), long flurried by Soviet Communists as a reactionary and neglectful of anti-czarist struggle, will soon be re-toreto to the U.S.S.R.'s literary Valhalla. Next February the Soviet state publishing house will start issuing a ten-volume edition of Dostoevsky's fiction, not published in Russian since 1930.

Backpats were traded on a Hollywood set by Academy Award-winning Cinematress **Grace** (*The Country Girl*) **Kelly** and jut-jawed Cinemascope **Glenn** (*The Blackboard Jungle*) **Ford**, just visiting. Both have been nominated for top acting honors in the first annual Audience Awards poll, whipped up by the Council of Motion Picture Organizations to give U.S. moviegoers a chance to name their

own favorites. Votes will be cast in the nation's theaters the latter half of next month.

The U.S.'s most unwanted gift to Italy—sometime Manhattan Vice Czar **Lucky Luciano**, 57, whose 61-year sojourn in New York pens crowned his career as a top merchandiser of dope and prostitutes, was set to go back in business selling hypodermic needles and such in Naples, where Italy's cops have him sequestered. Lucky's new racket, however, is apparently legitimate: he will soon open a clinical supply store, purveying such items as stethoscopes and bedpans to Neapolitan doctors and hospitals.

Quietly boarding a train's third-class carriage in his old Alsatian home town of Günsbach, **Dr. Albert Schweitzer**, 80



ALBERT SCHWEITZER
Cinema favorite.

some four decades after renouncing already notable careers in music and philosophy to become a medical missionary in French Equatorial Africa, rolled off to London. Forgoing fancy hotels in favor of staying with a longtime Alsatian friend who runs a tea-shop, Nobel Peace Prize-winner Schweitzer one day drew on a shabby, dark overcoat, headed for Buckingham Palace. There **Queen Elizabeth II** invested him with the insignia of the exclusive (23 members) Order of Merit. As a non-Briton, Dr. Schweitzer became the order's second living honorary member (the other: Dwight D. Eisenhower).

Tireless Cinecomedian **Danny** (*Hans Christian Anderson*) **Kaye** loped into Manhattan, accepted from tireless Internationalist **Eleanor Roosevelt** and the American Association for the United Nations an award for "his unique accom-



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT & DANNY KAYE
—children's champion.

plishments in aiding the children of the world." Volunteering as a U.N. "ambassador at large" last year, Kaye spent two months hopping some 40,000 miles about Asia, worked and entertained mightily for the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. The ceremony marked the prelude to nationwide observance (except in Utah—*TIME*, Oct. 17) of United Nations Day.

After two largely tranquil years in the service, the past eleven months as a military policeman in Alaska, Army Corporal **G.** (for Gerard) **David Schine**, 28, long to reign in U.S. military annals as the most famed noncombatant private of all time, was routinely discharged from the Army at New Jersey's Fort Dix. The unwilling storm center of last year's Army-McCarthy blowoff, Civilian Schine planned to take up his chores—for which he drew handsome salaries throughout his Army days—as president and general manager of his father's nation-spanning chain of five hotels (e.g., Florida's Boca Raton, Los Angeles' Ambassador), and is boss of a string of more than 150 movie houses.

After a slam-bang 40,000-mile dash through 17 countries, Washington's Hostess-with-Mostess **Perle Mesta**, still a little breathless in her mink stole and red velvet cloche, reported to a gathering of local newshounds: "The Far East is sizzling." Of her near-fatal brush with rioting Vietnamese students in Saigon (*TIME*, Aug. 1), the lady who has often placated riotous guests with caviar and champagne confessed: "I had no idea what a mob was like. It was a miracle that I got out of Saigon with all my luggage." Biggest flop of her trip came when Ace Conversationalist Mesta tried for an hour to worm some pleasantries from India's Prime Minister **Nehru**. Sputtered the ordinarily voluble ex-U.S. Minister to Luxembourg: "I never had such an interview. I talked, talked, talked and got nothing."



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SCIENCE

Door Ajar

At the Virus Laboratory of the University of California, two researchers announced this week that they have taken an infectious virus apart and reduced it to a mixture of utterly dead chemicals, then put it together and made it infectious again. Drs. H. Fraenkel-Conrat and Robley C. Williams do not want it said that they have "created life"; a simple virus is alive in a special sense only. But they do believe that they have come closer to one of science's major aims—knowing the nature of life. Says Dr. Williams: "We have no doubt that eventually we will be able to build the viruses we want, at least the simpler ones, by taking the component parts out of laboratory bottles."

Degraded Virus. The two researchers worked with the simple and well-known virus that causes mosaic disease in tobacco plants and is called TMV for short. Its particles are rod-shaped, and are known to consist of central cores of nucleic acid with protein molecules strung around them. Drs. Fraenkel-Conrat and Williams prepared pure solutions of the submicroscopic rods, mixed them with dilute alkaline chemicals and held them close to the freezing point for two to three days. This treatment "degraded" some of the virus, separating the rods into nucleic acid and protein molecules. Undegraded rods were taken out of the solution with an ultracentrifuge, and the protein fraction was precipitated by chemical treatment. The nucleic acid part of the virus was isolated by a slightly different method. Now neither part contained any complete virus particles. Both parts were inert chemicals, and thus had no power to infect a tobacco plant.

Drs. Fraenkel-Conrat and Williams then mixed the two parts of the virus together, made the solution slightly acid and held it just above freezing point for 24 hours. At the end of this period, the protein molecules had rearranged themselves on the nucleic acid cores. When tested on tobacco plants, the virus proved infectious. It grew and multiplied in the green leaves, producing the characteristic spots of tobacco mosaic disease.

Practical Possibility. The technique of degrading and reconstituting viruses may make it possible to create safe and effective vaccines against diseases, e.g., polio, that are caused by simple viruses. Only about 1% of the TMV particles that were reconstituted during the experiment proved fully infectious. The rest were imperfect in some way. Apparently their protein molecules had not arranged themselves properly. When scientists learn to control this rebuilding process, they may be able to produce slightly imperfect viruses that can stimulate the defensive forces of the human body, but cannot start a real infection. Says Dr. Williams: "This is the work we want to get into, and we feel that the door, if not completely open, is now well ajar."

Anti-Proton

Theoretical physicists have insisted for years that anti-protons—protons with a negative electrical charge—would eventually be found. But their theories also told them that anti-protons, though stable in a vacuum, cannot exist in contact with ordinary matter. As soon as one of them encounters a normal proton, both it and the proton it hits will vanish in a flash of energy. This makes anti-protons hard to find in nature, which is loaded with ordinary protons lying in wait to destroy them. It is like searching for living insects in a bottle of DDT.

Two Bev. into Matter. Last week a team of physicists at the University of California told how they created anti-

speed-measuring instruments) which only a particle with the anti-proton's properties could pass through. A few of the particles did pass through it, leaping every hurdle and checking in triumphantly at the far end. None lived very long, of course. After a fraction of a second, each anti-proton encountered a proton or a neutron, and each destroyed the other.

Anti-protons have no practical use, for the present at least, but scientists are always delighted when one of their basic theories proves so neatly correct. They are sure, too, that the study of anti-protons and experiments made with them will lead to new discoveries.

Anti-Matter. As a result of the new discovery, it is now theoretically possible to create anti-hydrogen. The atoms of ordinary hydrogen have a proton in their centers with a negative electron revolving around it. Anti-hydrogen would have an



PHYSICISTS SEGRE, CHAMBERLAIN, WIEGAND & YPSILANTIS
For Earthlings, the anti-girl is like an H-bomb.

Jon Brenneke

protons artificially and kept them alive long enough to identify them. Drs. Owen Chamberlain, Emilio Segre, Clyde Wiegand and Thomas Ypsilantis worked with Berkeley's Bevatron, a particle accelerator that was built by the Atomic Energy Commission for just such jobs. It can shoot a proton so fast that it carries 6.2 Bev. (billion electron volts) of energy. Physicists had figured that when a proton of this power hits a neutron, it will create a new proton and an anti-proton. In such "pair formation," about two Bev. of energy is turned into matter. This is the reverse of the action in atomic bombs, where matter turns into energy.

The Berkeley scientists turned their 6.2 Bev. proton beam on a copper target. From it emerged a secondary beam of sub-atomic debris (protons, neutrons, mesons, etc.) which presumably contained anti-protons. To prove that it did, the scientists shot the secondary beam into a "maze" (of magnetic fields and mass-

anti-proton and a positron (positive electron). Both these "anti" particles are now available, but since anti-hydrogen cannot live in peace with ordinary matter, it will be hard to create and even harder to preserve for more than a few millionths of a second.

To build up larger atoms of anti-matter will require anti-neutrons. Neutrons have no electric charge, but they have magnetic properties that would have to be reversed to put them in the anti category. It may be possible to create them, perhaps by bombarding some other particle with anti-protons, and this is one of the stunts that the Berkeley scientists intend to try soon.

Anti-matter is a favorite subject with science fiction writers, who like to write about inhabited planets made entirely of it. A poignant moment comes when the beautiful anti-girl explodes like an H-bomb on kissing a man from Earth. These fantasies are built on the theory that isolated parts of the universe, such

LEGAL LIQUOR VS LETHAL LIGHTNIN'

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
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Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



A 3-cent tax on tea once dumped three whole shiploads into Boston Harbor.

Twenty-one years later, a 7-cent tax on whiskey almost touched off a second Revolution.

Since that famous "Tea Party" of 1773 and the "Whiskey Rebellion" of 1794, the authorities seem to have by-passed tea as a taxable beverage.

But the bite is still on whiskey!

Your tax today is \$10.50 a gallon. 854% increase since 1933. In fact, 56 cents in every whiskey dollar goes for taxes of one sort or another.

What's the result?

In spite of our growth in population and buying power, the distilling industry is a "bitting duck." High taxes have priced us out of reach of many customers.

Does this mean the country is drinking less? Far from it!

The moonshiner picks up where the tax-paying distiller leaves off. Last year 22,913 illegal stills were destroyed by revenue men—one for every 2,088 American males of drinking age.

And those were only the stills caught! How many more continue to brew their lethal lightning? is anybody's guess. Enough, say the experts, to cheat the government out of \$735 millions yearly.

Legal Liquor expects to be taxed. But not to the extent that our customer friends are penalized, while a whole new generation of cheats and gangsters pursue their nefarious trade.

Excise taxes are now up for revision. If the views expressed here make sense, please send me a postcard saying so. I will forward it to your congressman, asking that he give us both a fairer shake.

If you are one of the inner circle who has already discovered the excellence of my specialty, OLD FITZGERALD, I promise that you will benefit to the full extent of any tax reduction our joint effort may help to bring about.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour
Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

as distant galaxies, may be built of anti-matter.

Scientists cannot disprove this theory, but they consider it unlikely. It is probable that the whole universe had some common origin, and should, therefore, be made of the same kind of matter. The question might be settled, thinks Dr. Segre, one of the anti-proton creators, if astronomers' instruments were sensitive enough to observe the magnetic properties of stars in distant galaxies.

Dr. Segre believes that anti-matter should be stable so long as it stays with its own kind. "Of course," he says, "nobody has seen any anti-matter. As far as physics is concerned, the anti-world would be identical with our world. An anti-egg would taste like an ordinary egg if you, too, were an anti-man."

Nobelman

The 1955 Nobel Prize in Medicine (\$36,720) went to Swedish Biochemist Hugo Theorell, 52, of the Nobel Medical Institute, Stockholm. The choice was made by the Caroline Medico-Surgical Institute of Stockholm, Dr. Theorell, who was crippled by polio when a young man and whose hobby is playing the violin, is a leading expert on the enzymes (organic catalysts) in living cells. His most notable achievement: the isolation of oxidation enzymes, which enable cells to breathe.

Dr. Vincent du Vigneaud, Cornell University biochemist, may have been a close runner-up. Until a few minutes before its announcement of Theorell's award, the Associated Press, tipped off the day before from Stockholm, was sending voluminous details about "Winner" du Vigneaud.

Birds in Trouble

Flying conditions over New York City one morning last week were good until about 8 a.m. Then the ceiling came down almost to the level of the Empire State Building's Observation Terrace on the 86th floor, 1,020 ft. above the street. On the floor of the terrace rained a shower of dead and dying songbirds. More than 300 (one-third of them myrtle warblers) died within half an hour after slamming against the big building, Frank Powell, who was in charge of the Observation Terrace, sent word to his friend John K. Terres of the National Audubon Society. They picked up dead birds of 18 species, including ruby-crowned kinglets, palm warblers and Empidonax flycatchers. The victims still alive were cared for tenderly.

To Naturalist Terres it was an old story. The 1,472-ft. Empire State Building, which is on the migratory flyway that leads down the U.S. East Coast, is a major obstruction to bird navigation. Migrating birds lack the dependable blind-flying instruments that enable an airplane pilot to fly with equanimity through dense clouds. Preferring to fly under a low ceiling, they often crash by hundreds against the Empire State. For some unexplained reason, they do not seem to hit mountains, and Manhattan skyscrapers almost as high as the Empire State seldom kill many birds.



WINNER THEORELL TOASTING HIS PRIZE
How to keep breathing.

Bat Mystery. On the night before the bird-crash on the Observation Terrace, two dead bats were picked up. How bats navigate over long distances is not known, but their sonar apparatus (high-frequency sound-wave ranging) generally keeps them clear of even small obstacles like twigs or wires. There are few records of bat-crashes in instrument-flying weather, but two years ago bats began to pile into the Empire State. Terres thinks that the cluster of television antennae on the building may have something to do with it. The power of the antennae has increased recently and broadcasting has continued late into the night. This may be the time when the bats fly past, and in some way the surge of electric energy flooding out of the antennae may confuse their sensitive high-frequency sound equipment.

Deadly Ceilometers. The Empire State is not the only man-made menace to migrating birds. Far worse are the ceilometer beams that measure the height of clouds above many airports. They are powerful searchlights that cast a spot of light on the base of the overcast so that an automatic instrument can calculate its height by triangulation. On migrating birds they have a terrible effect. Thousands of the birds, apparently confused by the glaring light, lose their bearings and fly into the ground or against low buildings. Last year 50,000 birds were killed in two nights at two Southern airports. Terres estimates that at least 200,000 were killed that year by airport ceilometers.

Following a suggestion from Terres, the U.S. Weather Bureau has put blue filters on ceilometer projectors at the Knoxville and Nashville, Tenn. airports. Most night migrating birds see blue light poorly. By the end of the present migration season, Terres hopes to report that his filters helped birds to reach their Southern objectives without unscheduled and fatal stops in Tennessee.



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THE PRESS

Junket à la Russe

With notebooks at the ready, seven top Russian journalists landed in Manhattan last week. They were the first Russian writers to tour the U.S. since Novelist Ilya Ehrenburg. *Izvestia* correspondent, rambled through with two colleagues from *Pravda* and *Red Star* in 1946.

Publicly, at least, the objective of the seven journalists was a lot different from that of Ehrenburg, who lost no opportunity to explore the seamy side of U.S. life for propaganda purposes. Explained Boris Nikolaevich Polevoy, bestselling novelist and Union of Soviet Writers secretary who heads the group: "The main point of the program is to sell all

Life, pointed out that Moscow University has 1,800 journalism students—all with free tuition. At Manhattan's City Hall, Mayor Robert Wagner carefully explained how the city is governed by people of various cultures, creeds and colors. Izakov scored a point, saying: "Good coexistence."

"Ask Mr. Molotov." From the United Nations building to the United Press, the Stork Club to Harlem, one thing that most impressed the Russians was the lavishness of U.S. newspapers and magazines. Apparently recalling the skimpy Moscow papers, Polevoy marveled that Americans in a single week can turn out "magazines as thick as mattresses." (Jolly Journalist Sofronov was introduced on

Lithuania Daily News asked why his wife was imprisoned in Siberia. Editor Izakov angrily stalked out of a press conference, snorted: "Nonsense!")

The Russians kept to themselves what else they thought about the U.S. Because of the speed of the trip, one Soviet newsman said, they had no time to file dispatches to their magazines and newspapers. When they get back, they will not only write their stories, but contribute to a collective book on the U.S.

Scoop!

Columnist Drew Pearson, whose inside stories sometimes have the facts wrong side out, had a sizzling inside story early this month for his readers in 600 papers. Wrote Pearson: "Here is some of the vitally important backstage byplay which took place immediately after the President was stricken in Denver." The story: Vice President Nixon had attempted "to take over the reins of Government" on the night of Sept. 24.

"Just after the news," wrote Pearson, "Vice President Nixon went to the home of his intimate friend [Deputy Attorney General] William Rogers, at 700 Glenbrook Road, in nearby Maryland. This was in the dark hours when the President was so sick he was blinded in both eyes . . . The Vice President went there . . . to ask Rogers to make a legal ruling that he, as Vice President, could take over the powers of the President." Only timely intervention by the backers of Tom Dewey, who was traveling in Spain with Attorney General Brownell, said Pearson, had foiled this plot to seize power.

Reading the column in the *Washington Post* and *Times Herald*, Deputy Attorney General Rogers promptly blew up and called Executive Editor Russell Wiggins. Rogers said the story was not true, demanded a swift retraction. After a meeting with Pearson and Rogers, in which Rogers gave the facts and the proof of them, Wiggins told Rogers that he had "a solution." He would have a reporter check up on the story.

Last week, under the byline of *Post* and *Times Herald* Reporter Robert C. Albright, Executive Editor Wiggins published the facts under the head: PORTRAIT OF A GOVERNMENT WHEN LEADER IS FELL. Wrote Albright: "So far as this reporter could determine, at no time during this first night was there any talk of a presidential delegation of powers to Nixon or to anybody else . . . During ensuing conversations with other Cabinet officials Nixon expressed the view that there should be no delegation of powers to himself, even if such a delegation were constitutionally feasible." Furthermore, it developed, Attorney General Brownell was not traveling with Dewey in Spain, nor had President Eisenhower even for a moment lost his sight.

But the *Post* and *Times Herald* made no mention of the column, which Pearson still insists was "correct." Said Rogers: "About the only accurate statement in [Pearson's] entire column was the address of my house."



STOCK EXCHANGE PRESIDENT FUNSTON (LEFT) & SOVIET NEWSMEN
A broker offered his card.

that is best and all that the American people are proud of."

"Good Coexistence." One of the first trips was to Wall Street, where New York Stock Exchange President Keith Funston explained to the visitors how Americans can own the tools of production simply by buying stocks. When one Red journalist jestingly pointed out that Anatoly Vladimirovich Sofronov is a prosperous playwright as well as editor of *Ogonek*, one of Russia's most successful magazines, a nearby broker quickly handed Sofronov his card, just in case he wanted to invest his money. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the journalists paid scant attention to the pictures. Instead they hobnobbed with a group of sixth-graders from Brooklyn's Ethical Culture School who were being lectured on art. "This," said Polevoy, "is the way to run a museum." At Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism, Foreign Affairs Expert Boris Romanovich Izakov, who is on the editorial board of the monthly *International*

one occasion as "the thickest editor of a thin magazine in Russia.")

The visitors' first close look at U.S. reporters at work came when they held a press conference in the Overseas Press Club. From some two dozen U.S. reporters, the Russians were tossed many a question too hot to field. Asked why the Russians jammed Voice of America broadcasts, one of the visitors finally cracked: "It is not worth the bother to liberate us." When an Israeli correspondent asked about the disappearance of several Jewish reporters in Russia, Valentin Mikhailovich Berezhkov, deputy chief editor of the weekly *New Times* (who with Izakov acted as interpreter for the group), blandly suggested: "Ask Mr. Molotov."

At week's end, the Russians went on to Cleveland. There, a reporter asked them if they had seen any evidence that Americans were preparing for aggression. Replied Polevoy: "We have found no warmongers." When a reporter for Chicago's



THIS ROAD WASN'T FIT FOR PIGS

Nor for the farmers who hauled them to market. That's why Kansas maintains 9700 miles of good state roads. Are your state highways helping to cut down your food bill?

Wherever food is grown, good rural roads have brought real benefits, not only to farmers but to city people who consume farm products.

When Al Evans' father drove the fifty miles of rough dirt road from his farm to Hutchinson, Kansas, it took him all day. Now Al makes it in a little over an hour, thanks to a well-built state highway. His father thinks nothing of driving to town for a basketball game or a dance. At the same time, the food Al raises gets to city tables fresher, cheaper and in better condition.

How much does it cost the people of Kansas to have 9700 miles of such state roads at their disposal? Less than half a cent per mile for average drivers! Good

roads are one of the smallest costs of operating an automobile!

In the past five years, Kansas has constructed, straightened, or widened 5000 miles of highways, including some fine new heavy-traffic roads near Wichita, Topeka, Kansas City and other population centers. The state has rebuilt or resurfaced another 6000 miles of farm-to-market roads. And the total spent has been nearly \$150,000,000. That doesn't mean the job is done. With traffic increasing every year, the Highway Commission must constantly plan ahead. Surveys indicate that an even larger amount will be needed for road improvement and construction in the next five-year period.

Good roads cost money, but they save far more than they cost in time, accidents and human life. Like Kansas, your state has a sound road program that needs your support. Drop a post card to your State Highway Commissioner or Governor at the capital. Find out what your state wants to do for you. Then, as an informed citizen, let your feelings be known. It's for your economy, convenience and safety!

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(Left) A section of under-construction road at Hutchinson, Kansas. Straight and smooth, it is typical of the state's highways.

(Right) When Kansas' interplanetary highway is built, it will enable Al Evans to deliver his produce without leaving its nearest market.



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You're going to see and hear a lot about this new "PowerStyle" Chrysler. It brings you so much that's new . . . from the unusual outrigger front bumper to the dramatic flight-swept rear fenders. Here is a car deliberately designed to draw cheers and second glances. This is how power looks!

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RELIGION

Those Church Statistics

Everybody knows that church life is booming in the U.S., and there are plenty of statistics to prove it. But statistics can bear false witness. The Information Service of the National Council of Churches has published a guide to the snares of religious facts and figures. Highlights:

¶ The annual compilations of church statistics, found in the *Yearbook of American Churches*, represent nothing more accurate or official than the results gained from "mailing blanks . . . to the official statisticians of the religious bodies. But not all of the reports are for 1954 in the latest compilation."

¶ As for church membership, the statisticians of the religious bodies often depend for their figures on the unchecked estimates of local pastors. As for church attendance, so confidently said to be increasing, no real statistics exist at all.

¶ There is no agreement as to what constitutes a church member. "For example, Jewish [groups] estimate the number of Jews in communities having congregations. The Eastern Orthodox churches include the persons in the cultural or nationality group served. Roman Catholics, and a few Protestant bodies, number all baptized persons, including children, in the membership. Most Protestant bodies include only so-called adults . . . persons usually beyond 13 years of age, as members. Yet in the *Yearbook of American Churches, 1945*, it was estimated that about 5,000,000 members of Protestant churches were under 13 years of age."

With these warnings and qualifications, the National Council goes on to give the latest figures.

Total church membership, for what it may be worth, is now equal to 60.3% of the population of the continental U.S.—a gain of 2.8% for 1954. Protestant increase: 2.3%. Roman Catholic increase: 2.9%. Population increase: 1.7%.

Membership in six major U.S. religious groups: Protestant, 57,124,142; Roman Catholic, 32,403,332; Jewish, 5,500,000; Eastern Orthodox, 2,024,210; Old Catholic and Polish National Catholic, 367,918; Buddhist, 63,000.

The Cottonpatch Crusade

Outside the bunkhouse, the Rev. Rudy Hernandez unlatched his marimba and began to waft *La Paloma* into the evening air. One by one the men strolled out to listen, and Hernandez' assistant got ready the tracts. The Cottonpatch Crusade was under way in Pecos, Texas.

Before World War II, Pecos was nothing but a dusty crossroads cattle town. Then some oil wells came in, and irrigation experiments on the bone-dry soil paid off so well that Pecos became a thriving cotton center (pop. 12,450). To pick the crop each year, Pecos depends mainly on the braceros—legally imported Mexican laborers who come north to work the season for free transportation,

shelter and an average of \$35 a week. This year the Baptist General Convention of Texas decided to do something about their souls as well as their bodies. With a team of 13 Latin American Baptists, marimba-playing Preacher Hernandez checked into Pecos' Lone Star Motel for a week-long Cottonpatch Crusade.

Hernandez, who once organized his own dance band, proved expert at setting up the braceros with music before following with Spanish-language tracts and exhortations emphasizing clean lives and the obligation to return to wives and children with full pockets. On Saturday night when the sombreroed braceros jammed the streets and shops, Baptist Hernandez sent his preaching teams fanning out through town. Stationing himself in front

the braceros paid little attention. "This so-called crusade is an insult to the Catholic Church," he said later. "These Baptists consider the men pagans and even tell them they are. It's not so. It's an affront to come in and confuse these simple, uneducated people like that."

This week, as Preacher Hernandez and his Baptist crusaders moved north to Lubbock, where the cotton picking was just beginning, they claimed the results for their week's work: 1,062 conversions.

Paranoia, Claustrophobia

U.S. Protestants and Catholics are getting neurotic about each other, says Protestant *The Christian Century* in an editorial for Reformation Sunday (Oct. 30). U.S. Psychoanalyst Karen Horney once cited a danger signal for personal neurosis: response that is out of proportion to the stimulus that set it off. And this, says



BAPTIST HERNANDEZ & MEXICAN WORKERS
After *La Paloma, el Evangelio*.

Harrison Lilly

of the Safeway store, he soon had his Mexican listeners pressing forward to make "decisions for Christ"—though some were just being amiable to the young man in fine clothes who played the wonderful, sad music. None of the Mexicans were baptized during the crusade; their names and addresses were merely taken with the intention of sending them on to the nearest Baptist mission in Mexico. Although most of them were theoretically Roman Catholics, at least 90% answered no to the question: "Have you heard the Gospel [el Evangelio] before?"

Before long, the local Catholics were stung to action. Wearing a light sport shirt and black trousers and carrying a heavy cane, Father James Milano of Pecos' Santa Rosa Catholic Church appeared, shouting, "Catholics—don't listen to these men. Go away from them!" But

the *Century*, is exactly the way Protestantism is becoming when confronted by Roman Catholicism.

"Probe a 1955 Protestant, and in altogether too many cases you will find him 'touchiest' on the subject of Roman Catholicism. After 435 years, the alarm bells still ring most wildly and the panic flags still flutter most furiously when Rome is mentioned. Not all of this response is neurotic anxiety, of course. It was Rome with whom the Reformers broke; she is the ancient foe; her truth still challenges ours . . . Yet the ferocity of some anti-Roman Catholicism this month will have more behind it than any of this. There is a neurotic Protestant anxiety about Rome which, far from safeguarding Protestantism, gets in the way of its positive self-realization and fulfillment."

The Catholics have an unhealthy atti-

THE STORY OF BOSTON'S FAMED *Parker House*

Students' Survey...

Early this year two nimble-witted students of one of Boston's great universities requested permission from Parker House president Sherrard to make a survey among patrons of the famous hotel: primary objective, to secure, through their thesis, credits toward coveted B.A. degrees. When the report was completed, elated was Parker House* management by the overwhelming number of favorable comments made to the youthful surveyors — particularly those emanating from the distaff side of the hotel's guests . . .



BOSTON'S FAMED PARKER HOUSE

Because their reflections were so especially gracious and generous, in the limited space below are cited several verbatim comments from female patrons only:

"I know the Parker House is supposed to be a 'commercial' hotel, but I have never been in one so acceptable to women traveling."

"Staying at the Parker House is part of my family tradition — and even if it weren't, I would come for the food."

"The Parker House is one hotel where a woman traveling alone feels at home. 'I don't suppose Parker House rooms, or the facilities here are better than those of any other, modern hotel, but there is a certain atmosphere about the place difficult to describe which makes a woman feel very much at home.'"

Parker House management was pleased to have confirmed by an unbiased survey, the fact that in addition to the hotel's high standing among men, the choice of the hotel by women as a fine place to stay was clearly indicated. It was obvious that the most frequent comments made by both men and women related to the restful rooms, unexcelled food, congenial atmosphere, and unique service which is found at Boston's most famous hotel.

*Rooms begin at \$6.00. All have circulating ice-water, bath, 4-network radio.

Parker House
BOSTON
A NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION

tude, too, says the *Century*—"Obvious claustrophobia." They feel surrounded, hedged in as a minority, and they respond by "reaching out, pressing out, pushing out, taking instant advantage of every weak spot . . ." This puts Protestantism on the defensive.

"Our problem is paranoia: persecution mania. Because Roman Catholicism has made problems for us somewhere. We feel chronically picked on, beaten down, abused . . . The fine Italian hand (which is usually here a fairly clumsy Irish one) is seen in everything."

Slum clearance in St. Louis, a Senate investigation of religious freedom, a hassle in Princeton, N.J. over Planned Parenthood and the Community Chest—all such civil affairs may become bitter emotional issues between Protestant and Catholic Christians. "Catholic claustrophobia and Protestant paranoia—these are the matched complexes that tear up American Christendom. What bothers most at this Reformation anniversary, though, is the amount of Protestantism that thinks itself best and most vigorously expressed in terms of that suspicion and resentment . . .

"Protestant, be yourself! That is, stop defining yourself by what you are against. You are not most Protestant when you are most anti-Catholic. You are most Protestant when you are most free. And that freedom is being free even from historic fear and fascination with an ancient foe. A snarling pugnacity will win no battles, will complete no reformation. It is itself a kind of slavery, and the Reformation was and must be a bursting of every bondage save that to God."

Words & Works

¶ Up to 5,000 years ago man's work—agriculture—was part of his religion, says Historian Arnold J. Toynbee, and man has been trying to get back to that happy state ever since. Speaking to the 250 members of a "Church and Work Congress" of the Episcopal Diocese of Albany, N.Y., Professor Toynbee cited two major Christian efforts to reconsecrate work—the Benedictine Rule and the Puritan way of life. "The problem as I see it," he said, "is to keep our work, when once we have consecrated it, in that subordinate relation to our religion to which the very act of consecration has dedicated it." So far, the driving force religion supplies to work has always "drained away out of our religion as it pours into our work . . . and then work breaks away from religion and comes to be an end in itself."

¶ The Laetare Medal, considered the most important annual award given to U.S. Roman Catholic laymen, was presented by the University of Notre Dame to the American Federation of Labor's President George Meany in Washington, D.C. "The Church believes that unions are desirable and necessary," said Washington's Archbishop Patrick A. O'Boyle in conferring the medal, "not only for the protection and advancement of the worker's interest, but even more important, for the development of a sound social order."



WORSTED TEX tailors the handsome suit and topcoat shown opposite. The suit is made with 35% "Orlon"*, 65% wool; the topcoat with 40% "Orlon", 60% wool. About \$65 each, at these and other fine stores:

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Grand Rapids, Mich.	George Bullis Men's Store
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Jamaica, N. Y.	B. Gertz
Knoxville, Tenn.	Schriber's, Inc.
Lansing, Mich.	J. W. Knapp Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Donaldson's
Morristown, N. J.	L. Bomberger & Company
Newark, N. J.	L. Bomberger & Company
New York, N. Y.	Browning King
New York, N. Y.	Thomas Murray
New York, N. Y.	Franklin Simon
Oklahoma City, Okla.	John A. Brown Co.
Plainfield, N. J.	L. Bomberger & Company
Princeton, N. J.	L. Bomberger & Company
Rochester, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
Stamford, Conn.	Frank Martin & Sons, Inc.
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MUSIC

New Opera in Manhattan

When England's famed Composer William Walton sat down five years ago to write his first opera, he determined to make it a "singers' opera." By that he meant that he would write as melodiously as possible, use his ex-choirboy's knowledge of the voice to make things easy for the singers ("They've had a rather poor time of it for the last 30 years"). He also decided to swallow any fears he might have about sounding like Verdi or Puccini. Last week, ten months after the London premiere, the New York City Opera staged its version of *Troilus and Cressida*. It was a direct hit.

Troilus' firm foundation is British Poet Christopher Hassall's libretto, which keeps things happening from curtain-up. The plot presents the human side of the besieged Trojans and particularly the widow Cressida (sung by Phyllis Curtin), who succumbs to Troilus (Jon Crain), partly through the conniving of Pandarus (Norman Kelley), only to be captured by the Greeks. By the time she puts herself to the sword, she is at least as credible as Tosca, as touching as Mimi.

Composer Walton built his score "word by word, bar by bar," and the structure came out sound as the Trojan Horse. The orchestra makes a luxurious sound, with plenty of pleasing details such as the soft zips on the xylophone that punctuate an Act II party scene. The vocal melody sometimes soars, e.g., the parting duet ("O gentle heart, would we again were drifting/Far from this world of waking"), but is often pale and fragile as the illustrations in English children's books. Walton, after all, is neither Italian nor Russian, and no one need complain if he goes politely Anglo-Saxon in the clutches. His one bald-

ly passionate scene is the orchestral storm that accompanies the lovers to bed behind their curtain: its three thundering climaxes are almost embarrassingly literal ("You have to pass the night somehow," quips Walton).

Walton is convinced that operas are good for composers. "I don't know why it is," he says, "but you can write the greatest symphony in the world and remain quite unknown. If you write an opera, your name's all over the place."

The Concert Trust

For years, two agencies have divided a glutton's share of the nation's concert business between them. They are: Columbia Artists Management, Inc., among whose contract stars are Soprano Lily Pons, Pianist Rudolf Serkin, Violinist Jascha Heifetz; and National Concerts and Artists Corp., which books Violinist Nathan Milstein, Pianist Alexander Brailowsky, Baritone Robert Merrill, et al. The agencies' power lies in their subsidiaries—Columbia's Community Concerts, and National's Civic Concert Service—which between them have organized local civic associations in some 1,200 communities in 48 states. These groups act as local sponsors for the big agency artists, thus providing a huge reservoir of regular prepaid music consumers. Columbia's artists take about \$3.2 million and N.C.A.C.'s about \$1.3 million a year from the operation.

Last week the U.S. Government filed civil and criminal antitrust suits against all four organizations, charging them with conspiracy to refrain from competing with each other 1) for the management of artists, and 2) in the organization and maintenance of audience associations. The complaints specified that artists were practically forced to join one agency or the other to get interstate bookings, since independent agencies were all but excluded from the business.

Columbia President Frederick C. Schang Jr. said the practices charged had stopped seven years ago. Nevertheless, in a New York U.S. District Court, the agencies pleaded *nolo contendere* to the criminal suit, and entered into a consent decree with respect to the civil. The decree restrained them "from allocating or dividing territories" and from "interfering with competition." The court also administered a judicial slap on the wrist: fines of \$10,000 for Columbia's Community Concerts, \$2,000 apiece for the others.

A Tree Grows in Pittsburgh

Composer Roy Harris lay, right leg from hip to toe in plaster, in a Pittsburgh hospital after an automobile accident, but his spirit was with Conductor Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra as they rehearsed for their first performance of his *Seventh Symphony*. On the podium Ormandy read Harris' letter explaining how to play the music. Excerpts: "I found that most symphonic brasses seem to be ashamed to play a real vibrato



COMPOSER HARRIS
Drunkly on the reeds.

in the American style." ("We're not even ashamed to rent out our clothing trunks," gibed one symphonic brass.)

"I put *mezzo forte* for the double reeds instead of *piano* because I didn't want to get that fuzzy sound which so often comes when they try to play *piano*." (Indignant gasps from the woodwind players, who would toss in their union cards before playing a fuzzy sound.)

"The snare-drum player should really play his little solo like Fred Astaire dances!" ("Oh!" wailed a drummer.)

With these points cleared up, the orchestra played through the work. It opened somberly, a death march with sighing strings, touched here and there with sunset colors. As a climax to the symphony's first section, winds played a noble tune over massed strings that sounded as if they had just come from prayer meeting. With the second part, the composition went into dance rhythms that turned *misterioso* with a ululating vibraphone, then into a drunken Kerry dance with skirling reeds, then into a rag-time climax followed by a pastoral section that sounded as if it should be called *Alleghenian Autumn*. The end, surprisingly, was an old-fashioned rumba. The total effect was rich, but a bit too facile. Here and there were fascinating details, for Composer Harris has a great gift for invention, but somehow the whole added up to less than the sum of its parts. The music seemed to relate to a movie story rather than to reality.

Well established as one of the U.S.'s best-known modern composers, Harris at 57 works under a comfortable grant from the Mellon educational trust, is as prolific as ever. He has extensively revised the *Seventh Symphony* since it was first played in Chicago in 1952, has already started his eighth (specifically designed for recording) and ninth ("On the words of Walt Whitman"). Says he: "I am trying to achieve a dynamic form, something that grows like a tree grows. This new form is something I believe America is going to produce."



COMPOSER WALTON
Politely in the clutches.



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SPORT

Double Negative

Another Australian victory in the 1956 Davis Cup challenge round was as good as won. The decisive volley was a pair of announcements last week by Australia's top singles players, Lewis Hoad and Kenneth Rosewall, declaring that they would stay in amateur tennis and rejecting the \$45,000-a-year professional contracts offered them by U.S. Promoter Jack Kramer. Since U.S. Singles Champion Tony Trabert, the only U.S. player in the Australians' class, has already signed a pro contract (TIME, Oct. 24), a successful U.S. challenge for the Davis Cup next year looks hopeless.

The Aussies' double negative was also a heavy blow to Promoter Kramer, who was counting on the Hoad-Rosewall-Trabert matches to be the feature attractions on a forthcoming world tennis tour, said Kramer: "This hits me like a ton of bricks." Kramer claimed that he had definite promises from both Australians to turn pro when they left the U.S. last month. But back home in Australia they came under heavy pressure to change their minds. Lew Hoad, who earns \$4,500 as a part-time racket salesman for the Dunlop Sports Co., Ltd., was promised unspecified "opportunities of advancement." Slazengers Proprietary Ltd., the sporting goods firm that employs Ken Rosewall, offered him a new five-year contract. The Carnation Milk Co. promised Rosewall an additional job to bring his earnings up to \$5,600 a year.

U.S. National Women's Tennis Champion Doris Hart, 30, announced last week that she would turn professional to take a job as a tennis teacher at the Flamingo Hotel in Miami Beach. Said Champion Hart: "I'm tired of traveling, and I want to give the younger players the kind of help I never got."

Strength in Depth

Unbeaten Navy sailed through Pennsylvania last week 33-0. The victory itself was no surprise, but the way it was won provided a startling tip-off on the power of Navy's 1955 football squad. The star of the Midshipmen's fifth straight win was a fourth-string, third-class (sophomore) quarterback named Thomas Forrestal, of Cleveland. Forrestal passed for two touchdowns, scored a third himself, and masterminded his defense so well that Penn made not one first down in the 30 minutes that he played.

Any team on which a player of Forrestal's caliber rates only a fourth-string berth must be a powerhouse. On the record and in the experts' opinion, Navy today is exactly that. First-string Quarterback George Welsh is the leading ground-gainer and one of the slickest passers (40 completions in 61 tries) in college foot-



Walter Bennett

COACH ERDELATZ & NAVY BENCH
High marks with books and the bookmakers.

ball. The team is rated No. 4 in the nation (after Michigan, Maryland, Oklahoma), the highest Navy ranking since their third-place rating in 1945, when the service schools still had the pick of the country's football talent. Even Coach Eddie Erdelatz, an undemonstrative old pro, is ecstatic. "Tops," says Erdelatz. "Absolutely tops."

Navy's strength this year stems indirectly from the Naval Academy's tough attitude toward football. Unlike many civilian schools, Annapolis offers no snap courses for footballers and allows no cutting of classes for practice. To save precious training time in the fall, Coach Erdelatz this year tried a new system: each player going off on summer leave last June got a list of training exercises to follow, was ordered to run and scrimmage on his own time during the summer. Says Erdelatz: "The team came back this year in better shape than at any time since I've been here."

Other time-saving devices forced on Erdelatz at Annapolis have turned out to be helpful rather than harmful to the Navy team. Practice is necessarily short (never more than 2 hrs.), which has its drawbacks—but also the advantage of fewer injuries. The team is pared down to no more than 35 players. "That way," says Erdelatz, "we can teach everybody to do his job well." Other college teams are taught as many as 125 plays. Erdelatz, whose players' heads are being crammed simultaneously with such subjects as naval science, navigation and mathematics, teaches them only ten basic plays, with variations, but insists that they rehearse these to perfection. One result is less confusion and surer ball-handling when Navy takes the field. Another result: the varsity team's average grade is 3.29 (out of a perfect 4.00), higher than the overall average of the three upper classes (3.10).

Navy's footballers also rate high with another set of examiners: the football odds-makers. Although they have not beaten Notre Dame since 1944, the Midshipmen were rated favorites to win their toughest test against Notre Dame this week.

Last week, with few exceptions, the odds-makers' choices stood up:

- ¶ Although outweighed 25 lbs. per man on the line, Notre Dame outruled Purdue 325 yds. to 75 yds. and won, 22-7.
- ¶ Minnesota whipped across two touchdowns in the first quarter and seemed on the way to the season's biggest upset against top-rated Michigan. But the undefeated Wolverines later rallied for two touchdowns, converting both to win 14-13.
- ¶ After two straight defeats, Army's offensive got rolling again and crushed Columbia 45-0.

Scoreboard

- ¶ The nation's leading steeplechase jockey, Frank ("Dooley") Adams, rode five-year-old Nejl, the year's top steeplechase horse (five firsts in eight starts) to a three-quarter-length win in the world's richest steeplechase, the \$57,300 Temple Gwathmey at New York's Belmont Park.
- ¶ Three months before the opening of the indoor-track season, Lieut. Wes Santee of the U.S. Marine Corps displayed mid-season form at an Olympic Carnival in New York's Madison Square Garden. Milner Santee easily outdistanced six competitors and ran the mile in 4:05.2, less than two seconds off the Garden record (4:03.6).
- ¶ Jimmy Carter, 31, of New York, who three times lost his lightweight title and twice regained it in return bouts, failed to turn the trick again. Champion Wallace ("Bud") Smith, 26, who dethroned Carter last June, defeated him again in a 15-round bout at Cincinnati.

¶ No kin to the late Defense Secretary James Forrestal.



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EDUCATION

On the Skids

How well off financially is the modern U.S. teacher compared to his counterpart in 1904 or 1920? Last week in a special report, the Fund for the Advancement of Education gave an answer: the higher his rank, the worse off the teacher is.

Between 1904 and 1953 the salary of the average small-city elementary school teacher went up from \$547 to \$3,682, with an increase in actual purchasing power of 103%. But the purchasing power of the big-city elementary teacher rose only 60%, while that of the big-city high-school teacher dropped 1%. Big-city high-school principals got a raise from \$3,552 to \$9,156, but this actually meant a decrease in purchasing power of 30%. University presidents and full professors were

Swiss Acropolis

On normal days, Switzerland's Zurich is a calm, peaceful city which some visitors find monotonous. But last week Zurich was in a festive mood. Its great Federal Institute of Technology was 100 years old, and thousands of scholars and statesmen had come from all over the world to celebrate. There was a gala banquet for 3,000 guests, including Swiss President Max Petitpierre, Architect Frank Lloyd Wright and Nobel Chemist Peter Debye. There was a concert by the Tonhalle Orchestra, a torchlight parade by the students. To the Swiss, the institute fully deserves such honors. They call it "The Acropolis of Zurich."

The only national university in the country (the others are supported by



ZURICH'S FEDERAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Like Swiss cooking, the Poly is a mixture.

2% poorer than they would have been 50 years ago.

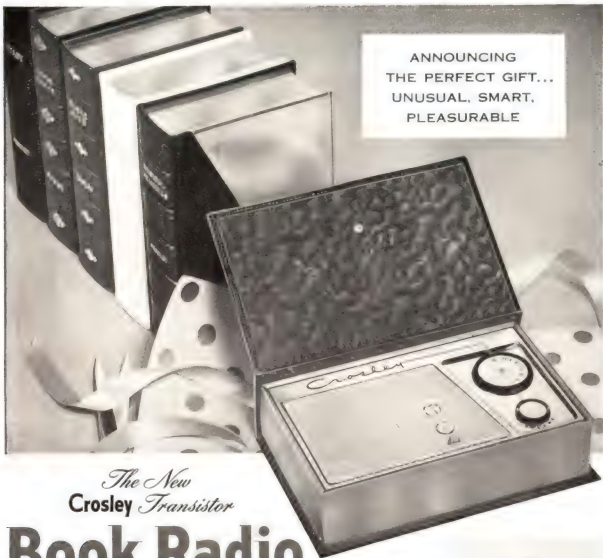
Comparing the educators' progress with that of other professionals makes the picture even gloomier. Since 1920, the average physician's income has gone up from \$5,224 to \$15,000, which makes him 48% richer. But, in spite of a jump of from \$11,000 to \$16,500, large-university presidents are now 26% poorer while their full professors, making \$7,000 in 1953, are 10% worse off than in 1920.

Warns the Fund: "The American society is deteriorating in the sector most critical for future progress and well-being . . . The best talent of the younger generation finds that education is not so highly valued by its seniors as law, medicine, advertising, or many technical skills . . . The talented members of the younger generation choose to enter law, medicine, advertising, the mechanical vocations or the arts."

their cantons), FIT is actually one of the most international of universities. "Like Swiss cooking," says former Rector Franz Tank, "the Poly is a mixture of influences." From France's Ecole Polytechnique, it took its accent on basic theory and its heavy emphasis on mathematics. From Germany, it got its thoroughness and its doctorate system. Its early faculty was an ingathering from all Europe. Switzerland's famed Historian Jakob Burckhardt taught there; so did Italian Literary Historian Francesco De Sanctis and the German authority on esthetics, Friedrich Vischer.

Vitamins & Hormones. The institute's engineering graduates built Switzerland's railway system and its hydroelectric plants. Alumnus Wilhelm Roentgen discovered X rays; Alumnus O. H. Ammann built the George Washington Bridge; Maurice Koechlin helped put up the Eiffel Tower. German Physicist Rudolf

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Capital
AIRLINES

Clausius stated the second law of thermodynamics (heat cannot pass of itself from a colder to a hotter body); Aurel Stodola pioneered in the field of thermal machinery, and Caltech's Fritz Zwicky is now one of the world's top experts on rockets.

Over the years, the institute has had eight Nobel Prize winners on its faculty. The most famous: Albert Einstein, who was also a student (1896-1900). Of the eight, two still remain on the faculty: Wolfgang Pauli, whose "Pauli Principle" helped describe atomic structure; and Yugoslav-born Leopold Ruzicka, who first artificially produced a sex hormone.

Technology & Life. Today the institute's 2,650 students carry on their studies on 50 acres overlooking Zurich's main business district. To get in, each must have a thorough command of French or German besides his native tongue, and many have to take a full year of special preparation to pass the entrance exams. Once in, each student chooses one of eleven schools in accordance with his specialty. But each must take six semesters mainly devoted to the basic sciences, as well as one "general" subject in the humanities.

The liberal arts electives have been for 100 years a basic part of the institute's education. Though the nation depends on the school to do its practical work, FIT has never wavered from the Einstein theory that "concern for man himself and his fate must always be the chief interest of all technological endeavors." To this, Rector Karl Schmid adds his own amen: "I believe that the real value of technology can come to the front only when its all-embracing rationalism is bridled by a deep respect for life. Its real and true value is subservience to life."

Report Card

¶ At a meeting in honor of Robert Gordon Sproul's 25th year as president of the University of California, his second in command at Berkeley, Chancellor Clark Kerr, announced some cheery, silver-anniversary news. A wealthy banker, who insisted on remaining anonymous, has bequeathed the university \$2,750,000 to start an Institute for Basic Research in Science with much the same sort of ideals as those of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. Its main purpose: "to discover and encourage the work of individuals of great talent and promise."

¶ Alarmed by the fact that U.S. colleges seem to be turning out only about half as many high school science and mathematics teachers as they did in 1950, Shell Oil Co. announced that it was starting a program called the "Shell Merit Fellowships for High School Science and Mathematics Teachers." Each year 60 talented teachers will be packed off, all expenses paid, for summer seminars at Cornell or Stanford. To make up for lost summer earnings, Shell is also shelling out a cash bonus: \$500 for each fellow.

¶ "An entirely nondegenerate energy level is always 'closed' if it is occupied by a single electron."

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Y-8



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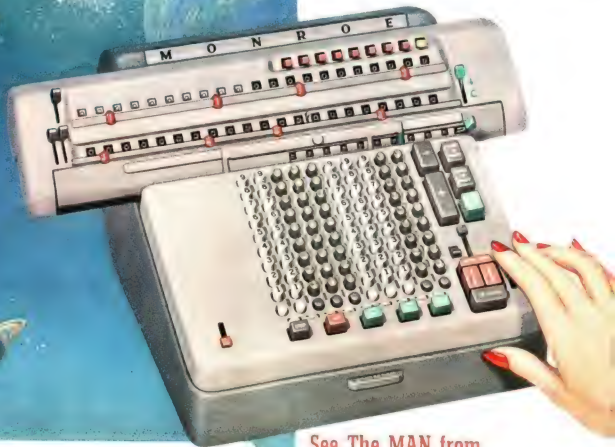
The confidence and enjoyment you get from the split-second "Go" of all the new Ford engines is only part of the story. They have a rigid, extra-deep block to make them run smoother, quieter, last longer. This deep, Y-like design works its smooth magic in Ford's new 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 (available in Fordomatic Fairlane and Station Wagon models) and the new 176-h.p. Y-8 (available in Fordomatic Customline and Mainline models)! Ford's new 137-h.p. Six also has deep-block build.

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CINEMA

Newsreel

¶ Paris moviegoers were flocking to see *Marty* after critics raved that at last Hollywood was showing the fascinating spectacle of an authentic U.S. working-class milieu. But there were some dissenting opinions. Wrote the critic of the long-hair *Cahiers du Cinema*: "In its attempt at neo-realism, *Marty* reveals what daily life is like for the relatively prosperous working-class American . . . I was terrified. This 'American Way of Life' seemed like a foretaste of hell."

¶ To celebrate the impending release of his movie, *Sincerely Yours*, pianist Wladziu Valentino Liberace threw a party at his new San Fernando Valley home. Mamma Liberace supplied meat balls around a swimming pool built in the shape of a piano, and the host was served up in a black suit and gold tie studded with rhinestones. Asked by a guest how he got away with such sartorial splendor, Liberace replied: "It takes guts."

¶ In the 22nd-anniversary issue of the influential trade sheet *Variety*, M-G-M's Dore Schary penned a long, freeverse tribute to "the trades." Sample:

*You can't possibly know what's going
on
unless you read the trades—
the trades,
the daily trades.
What's new? What's cooking?
It's all in the trades—
the trades.*

The New Pictures

The Deep Blue Sea (London Film; 20th Century-Fox). If not soap opera, is certainly no better than detergent drama. In this British movie, playwright Terence Rattigan seems to be cautioning the middle-aged married

woman about switching from a dull husband to a young lover: the change may only mean a painful, new set of harness sores.

The picture begins as Vivien Leigh, with a slug of gin and a Second Chaser, is trying to end her life. When the neighbors break in and save her, she lapses into a flashback about life with hubby (Emlin Williams), a prominent figure on Her Majesty's Bench. One day he introduces Vivien to a RAFish type (Kenneth More), and her heart is soon shot down in flames. She runs away with More, only to discover that he is actually just a big wonderful boy, and that what he instinctively wants her to be is a mother.

The trouble with the work of Terence Rattigan, one of Britain's leading playwrights since 1936, is that he frequently says what he thinks is clever instead of saying what he means. The method works fairly well in blazer farce and weekend melodrama, but when it comes to hearing the human heartbeat of a situation, Rattigan might as well be hunting uranium with an ear trumpet. Moreover, in *The Deep Blue Sea*, the leading lady does little to help. The part is scored, though crudely, for the full cello notes of womanly anguish; Vivien plays it in the thin pizzicato of girlish petulance.

Kenneth More, however, makes up for everything with a brilliant performance. His problem was to portray a man who is everything he seems to be, who knows no lapse between the thought and the act, who wears his entire psyche on his sleeve. From the first fine flap of his dewlaps ("Hey, give us a shot of those gorgeous green orbs") to his endearing little growl ("Who wants to grow up in the world as it is?"), to the burp he releases exquisitely in the middle of a word. More is the perfect type of the easygoing dog that everybody wants to pet but nobody wants to clean up after.

Quentin Durward (M-G-M). "Durward," says the Scottish envoy (Moultrie Kelsall) at the court of Burgundy one silver morn in the summer of 1465, "you are a handsome, proud, gallant, honorable and slightly obsolete figure." At these words Robert Taylor recoils. It is startling enough for a 34-year-old matinee idol to hear himself described like an average destroyer; but to be addressed in literate and amusing English smack-dab in the middle of a Hollywood thud-and-blunder opus is a shock almost as sharp as seeing Sir Walter Scott in the old Stut 'n' Tup on Beverly Boulevard.

The shocks keep coming, too. The script, by Robert Ardrey, hangs loosely to the novel but with flaunting style, like a merry kilt to Scottish calves. Moreover, *Quentin Durward* is as easy on the eyes as on the ears. Much of the film was shot around the finest châteaux—Chenonceaux, Chambord, Maintenon, Fontainebleau—and the graces of French stone and green have lent a coquetry and lightness to

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these scenes that the art and costume people have tastefully maintained.

As Taylor recovers his countenance, Kelsall continues his speech: "The lances of chivalry are being put away. Gunpowder sits where the judges were. History is preparing a new sort of world Durward: cruel and political, thoughtful violent. Louis XI of France is its symbol. If you're to match him, my Scottish cavalier, you may have to restrain your more glorious impulses." Since glory is box office, Taylor is in trouble. Things come to a head one night when "The Spider King" (Robert Morley), as history knows him, sits spinning his political web. "We are about to embark on a foul venture," he murmurs to a cackling familiar, "Foul and necessary, fit only for gypsies—and kings." The venture involves the betrayal of a lady fair (Kay Kendall) to a villain dark (Duncan Lamont), and incidentally the death of Durward, her armed escort. However, when the sinister birds pounce on their prey, the hero gives his all for love and sends them flapping back to the knaviary. In the end it is Durward, the fly, who frees Louis, the spider, from his own entanglements, and the bold Scot wins the hand of his lady in return for the head of the villain.

The only thing wrong with all this is that, thanks to a case of nervous scissors, there is somewhat too little of a good thing. The scenes rush by so fast that by the time the moviegoer realizes where he is, he usually isn't. Like as not, though, he is in another brisk and stylish scene, surrounded by intelligent people who are obviously enjoying themselves. Kay Kendall, for instance, makes a damozel as dainty as court broiery, though she has precious little to do (as Grace Kelly complained when she refused the part) but "clutch her jewel box and flee." Robert Morley very nearly carries off the whole show. As he heaves before the camera, swishing his eyes about as lesser players might wave their arms, and wagging his paunch as though it were a prosperous province, he looks at one instant every ounce a king, and at the next as lean a villain as ever lived inside a fat man.

Morley and Kendall, being English, seem to take the grammar for granted; but Actor Taylor, a man who has earned an impressive hauberk stoop without ever changing his Pomona accent, keeps glancing uneasily over his shoulder as he mumbles all the great big three-syllable words.

Seven Cities of Gold (20th Century-Fox). The 18th century residents of the country around Hollywood, if this picture is as well authenticated as it claims to be, were pretty much like the present inhabitants. They lolled about in the sun and slept in breezy, tule-thatched *cabañas* (called hogans). They swam in the afternoon and painted themselves luridly before going out in the evening. When they disliked someone, they cut out his heart and sent the rest of him back to his family. This picture describes, in handsome color and costume, an early attempt to civilize the region, as made by Father

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RITA MORENO & RICHARD EGAN
California hasn't changed.

Junipero Serra, the first missionary to the Southern Californians.

The title refers to the legendary Seven Cities of Cibola, reputedly paved with gold, and the film begins as a Spanish expedition, led by Captain Gaspar Portola (Anthony Quinn) and Lieut. José Mendoza (Richard Egan), forks horse and clatters away to find them. Friar Serra (Michael Rennie) goes along as chaplain of the band, hoping to found missions among the California Indians.

Drought, starvation, scurvy, typhus and sandstorms lash the little caravan, while behind the yuccas yuk some of the most unseemly aborigines ever calcimined. Before long the padre wins them over with beads and scissors and sweet charity, but Lieut. Mendoza quickly reconverts the tribe to barbarism. He seduces a pretty Indian girl (Rita Moreno).

Michael Rennie carries conviction as the Franciscan, not least because he has, as dressed and tansured, a close resemblance to the Bellini portrait of St. Francis. Best of all is Anthony Quinn, who wears the conquering swagger of Castile like one to that overbearing manner born.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Big Knife. Clifford Odets gums away at some sour grapes and spits the seeds at Hollywood; with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, Shelley Winters (TIME, Oct. 24).

The Desperate Hours. A man's home is his prison in the thriller-diller of the season; with Fredric March, Humphrey Bogart (TIME, Oct. 10).

Trial. A termite's-eye view of how U.S. Communists bore a worthy cause from within; with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy (TIME, Oct. 31).

It's Always Fair Weather. A sharp little musical that needles TV; with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd (TIME, Sept. 5).



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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

Much of the time, television lurches through the nation's living rooms like an amiable slob—firing off six-shooters, taking pratfalls, scattering money. But on Sunday afternoons, TV slicks down its hair and straightens its tie. Last week TV went on a bigger than usual cultural binge and to the surprise of many proved vastly entertaining as well.

Two of the best shows, typically, ran opposite each other. NBC's *Wide World* whisked its audience all over the map. The camera lazed its way down the Mississippi, poked into a New Jersey lane where lovers walked and old men raked autumn leaves, wandered around Gloucester harbor as fishermen mended



MARY MARTIN & NOEL COWARD
Of men, dogs and butterflies.

nets. There were vivid contrasts between the chasm of the Grand Canyon and the topless towers of Rockefeller Center, the swaying wheat fields of Nebraska and the money-conscious hubbub of the Texas State Fair, an underwater ballet from Florida and the overwater speed trials of Donald Campbell's jet racer at Arizona's man-made Lake Mead.

Always there was the immediacy of things happening this very minute, but the real brilliancy of *Wide World* may lie in its avoidance of the TV interview. The only one attempted, at the Texas Fair, proved again that—given a microphone and someone to interview—an announcer can turn any subject into a crashing bore. The words needed in *Wide World* were supplied by Dave Garroway and kept to a literate minimum.

CBS's *Omnibus* got off to an interesting start with Author William Saroyan's recollection of his California boyhood and was memorable for the sharply played

vignettes of adolescence by Actors Sal Mineo and Pat De Simone. Then Composer Leonard Bernstein took over for a splendidly lucid primer on the world of jazz. Pointing out that blues are based on a rhymed couplet in iambic pentameter with the first line repeated, Bernstein developed a lowdown blues song from Shakespeare.* Bernstein looks like a young Burgess Meredith, speaks with extraordinary clarity and intelligence and is always able to demonstrate precisely what he is talking about.

Culture kept busting out all over. *Producer's Showcase* devoted 10 minutes to the bravura extravaganza of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. As the Pinocchio-headed hero, José Ferrer gave the season's best starting performance, whether spitting an opponent on his sword or agonizing for love of Roxane, who, as Bloom, seemed well worth it. *Playwrights '56* struck a more sombre note with Ernest Hemingway's *The Battler*, whose familiar plot (a heavyweight champion is broken by success) was well-served by Paul Newman as the crazed, broken-faced pug, and Dewey Martin as a young runaway who finds the world both terrible and tender.

At week's end, Noel Coward and Mary Martin took the stage for a 60-minute CBS-TV show and, after a shaky start, proved that talent has no need of big production numbers. Coward, born with scarcely any singing voice, doesn't so much sing a song as suggest that he is singing one. His best: *Loch Lomond* and *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*. Mary Martin was brilliantly funny in a scene from *Madame Butterfly*, and happily belted out a long—but not long enough—succession of Anglo-American tunes.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Oct. 26. Times are E.D.T., subject to change through Sat., Oct. 29: E.S.T. thereafter.

TELEVISION

See It Now (Wed., 9 p.m., CBS). Film documentary on the vice-presidency.

Wide World (Sun., 4 p.m., NBC). A tour of the Far West.

Ed Sullivan Show (Sun., 8 p.m., CBS). With Eddie Fisher, Phil Silvers.

G.E. Theater (Sun., 9 p.m., CBS). Kathryn Grayson in *Shadow on the Heart*.

Martha Raye Show (Tues., 8 p.m., NBC). With Margaret Truman.

RADIO

New York Philharmonic (Sun., 2:30 p.m., CBS). *Die Götterdämmerung*.

Boston Symphony (Mon., 8:15 p.m., NBC). Khachaturian's *Violin Concerto*.

Biographies in Sound (Tues., 9:05 p.m., NBC). The story of Thomas Wolfe.

* *The Macbeth Blues*, as sung by Bernstein: *I will not be afraid of death and haws. I said, I will not be afraid of death and haws. 'Til Birnam forest comes to Dunsinane...*

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MEDICINE

The Specialized Nubbin

(See Cover)

The mightiest of monarchs was dead. The royal embalmers removed most of his vital organs but left enough to show physicians of later ages what ailed him: hardening and narrowing of the vital arteries near the heart. The monarch was Merneptah, Pharaoh of Egypt at the time (some believe) of the Exodus. No fewer than 3,000 years had passed when the chief of the modern world's most powerful state had a heart attack brought on by the same type of disease in the arteries. Yet for all but a handful of these years, nothing had been learned about the causes of heart-and-artery disease, and virtually nothing about its treatment.

Long before President Eisenhower's attack, heart disease became a major American worry. Other diseases were being triumphantly conquered with wonder drugs and new surgical techniques, but one result of keeping people alive longer, it seemed, was to make all the surer that they would eventually have heart attacks. Heart-and-artery disease was pinpointed as the nation's No. 1 killer—with ample statistical reason. It now accounts for 800,000 deaths a year, half the U.S. total.

To many foreign visitors, and some Americans, heart disease has become the typical American illness. The U.S., so the argument goes, is the land of tension and conflict. Men work too hard, play too hard, worry too hard. The image of the tycoon who, at 50, has attained money, success, a yacht and coronary thrombosis is almost part of American folklore. To-

day, more than ever, anxious men (far more than women) of middle age are scurrying to doctors' offices for a heart checkup. More than two-thirds will be told that they have nothing to worry about; the others can look for no quick cures, but can count on treatment to reduce discomfort and danger. In any case, many tools and techniques used by doctors to examine patients, and virtually everything that they prescribe, have been perfected in the lifetime of a generation no older than Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The Big Mystery. Heart disease is still medicine's most stubborn mystery. Again and again, the killer has eluded its pursuers. From Pharaonic times until this century, the medical profession took a fatalistic attitude that most heart disease was inevitable. Today, a health- and youth-conscious U.S. wants to believe those doctors who insist that no disease process is natural at any age. The pursuit of the killer is proceeding with greater speed—and hope—than ever.

This week top men in charge of that pursuit, 2,000 American heart specialists, met in New Orleans at the 28th scientific convention of the American Heart Association to tell each other how they were doing. An early order of business was installation of a new president. Their choice: Dr. Irvine H. Page, now of Cleveland, at 54 one of the country's leading detectives on the trail of the killer.

Partitioned Patient. What has worried Dr. Page most is that overspecialized modern medicine has not organized itself properly over the years to take broad-front action. Not only the disease but the

patient has been senselessly partitioned. A man's brain, if he had a stroke, was in the province of the general internist. The gangrenous toes of his friend who suffered from Buerger's disease went to the angiologist. His heart belonged to the cardiologist, who grudgingly took responsibility for high blood pressure—but could do little for it. His kidneys were annexed by the urologist. Pleased Dr. Page at New Orleans this week:

"Without coordination we have cardiologists, angiologists, cardiac surgeons, peripheral vascular men and, of late, the more glorious nephrologists. . . . Unfortunately there seems to be no term to cover the entire circulation. But in our own thinking, let us make a fresh start and consider the heart as only a 'specialized nubbin' on the whole vascular tree and reintegrate the heart and blood vessels back into the unified system that it really is."

As doctor after doctor reported on his studies and experiments, a unified pattern was, at first, scarcely apparent. Nor would it be from the odder bits of work in progress, ranging from male volunteers who are taking female hormones, willing to run the risk of being feminized in hopes of having their artery-hardening arrested, to Duke University's Dr. James Warren, who is about to head for Africa to learn more about how the giraffe keeps its blood pressure under control.

But all such diverse experiments fit into a growing, if often elusive body of knowledge about the heart.

Where is the Villain? The earliest, most dramatic progress came in the field of heart surgery. When they could deal with disease by the use of scalpel and mechanical ingenuity, U.S. doctors have worked wonders, e.g., the complex blue-

THE CHANCES FOR RECOVERY

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's attack, and his good recovery to date, have given national agency to questions that have always troubled heart patients and their families: How good a recovery can a patient make after a coronary thrombosis, and what are his chances of resuming an ordinary, active life? While each case is different, the answer that most heart specialists are now trying to put across to the country is: the chances are far better than generally realized.

The medical profession itself did not fully understand this even 20 years ago. The general feeling used to be: the less activity the better. Recently, searching tests have been conducted to find out just how much or how little an injured but healed heart can stand. Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital and Dr. Arthur M. Master have pioneered in finding out how much work heart sufferers can safely do. Many victims have been found to suffer from nothing but a wrong diagnosis. Others, after recovering from an attack, have been handicapped more by their own anxiety (and occasionally their doctor's) than anything else. About three-fourths can soon go back to work, most at their old jobs, though some must settle for lighter tasks.

Promoted by the American Heart Association, this principle is now being applied nationally through 48 state-federal programs. Classification units grade the patient's capacity for work and such items as his emotional status and especially anxiety about his heart. They also grade the de-

mands of the jobs available, try to fit workers to jobs. Labor unions and industry groups are hacking the effort. Some employers shy away because of compensation problems, but the problems have no medical basis: heart cases are more safety-conscious than other workers, likely to be steadier and more reliable. Properly job-graded, they produce as much as their healthier fellows—sometimes more.

Doctors are able to give patients improved care now that they take more and better electrocardiograms (using twelve leads instead of the former three), regulate the diet after an attack, and prescribe permissible exercise. This may range from walking two blocks a day to playing three sets of tennis. The benefits to heart sufferers come not so much from new discoveries or drugs as from spreading a realization, first among doctors and then among laymen, of what the facts are:

☛ At least 80% of coronary victims survive their first attack; among private patients (likely to have better diagnosis and more individual care than ward patients) the rate goes up to 95%.

☛ Among large numbers of patients studied up to 30 years after an attack, 40% have made full recoveries in activity (though some showed electrocardiographic or other signs of hidden damage). Another 40% have made good recoveries with only mild symptoms.

☛ The outlook for those patients who go back to their work is at least as good as it is for those who retire.

baby operation, opening the mitral valve inside the heart, heart-lung machines, even the use of a dog's lung to substitute for the patient's during an operation.

Other successes were scored against heart disease caused by diphtheria and syphilis, both virtually wiped out. Another form of the enemy is being routed largely through penicillin: rheumatic heart disease. But the situation is more complex in regard to the two commonest forms of heart trouble, which account for more than 90% of all heart disease in the U.S.:

¶ **Arteriosclerosis** (artery hardening), of which atherosclerosis (mushiness and hardening) is one of the commonest forms, and the most dangerous because it so often occurs in the heart's own arteries, the coronaries.

¶ **Hypertension** (high blood pressure), ranging from a benign form not severe enough to hamper or endanger life to rapidly fatal cases.

Actually, the two disorders are closely related—how, in scientific detail, no one knows. While it is true that many victims of arteriosclerosis show no hypertension, every victim of hypertension examined after death shows arterial damage of some kind. Hardening of the minute arterioles—the slenderest twigs at the extremities of the arterial tree—almost always goes with high blood pressure. Its immediate cause seems to be loss of elasticity in the arterioles' thin muscular walls.

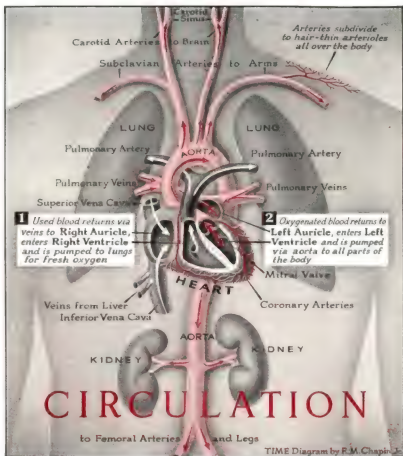
But whether hypertension causes arteriosclerosis, or vice versa, no one knows. A similar change in major arteries is often seen in the aged: the muscular wall hardens so much that the vessels are called "pipe-stem arteries." In an otherwise healthy individual this condition may go undetected and do no apparent harm.

Atherosclerosis is the bugbear. It appears to attack the coronary arteries with especial frequency. And strangely, it is a disease of successful civilization and high living. It is far commoner in the U.S., Britain, Sweden and Denmark than among the poor peasants of Sardinia and southern Italy, the paddyfield workers of China and Japan, or Bantu tribesmen. It is commoner among men than among premenopausal women; after the menopause, women gradually become as susceptible as men, though it takes them until age 80 to catch up. Racial origin, body build, smoking habits and the amount of physical activity also have been implicated. And, of course, the Gog and Magog of modern medicine: stress and strain.

The Question of Fat. The University of Minnesota's Physiologist Ancel Keys recently set up all these theories in a neat line and then charged down it, tilting at them one by one. Items:

¶ "The popular picture of the coronary victim as a burly businessman, fat and soft from overeating and lack of exercise, who smokes and drinks too much because [of his stressful climb to the top] is a caricature." The type exists, but often escapes coronary disease while men of other types fall victim to it.

¶ Families with a "bad heredity" for coronary disease attract attention. Dr.



Keys depicted a "family" showing 31 descendants of one great-grandfather: twelve apparently died of coronary disease. But the "family" was fictitious, constructed from U.S. averages. The most that Dr. Keys will concede is a possible "familial tendency."

¶ **Race** may mean little, because U.S. Negroes living well in Chicago have about the same rates as whites, though Africans whose ancestors escaped slavery in the U.S. are spared the disease. U.S. citizens of Italian descent approximate U.S. average rates, and not those of their second cousins in the old country.

¶ **Despite their poverty**, many peasant peoples smoke as many cigarettes as they can get, and often down to the last tarry fraction of an inch, without developing heart disease.

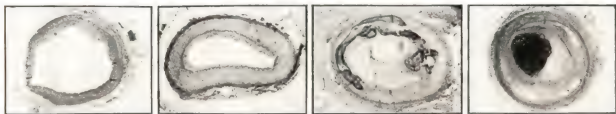
¶ **Obesity and overweight** are too often confused: a man may be overweight with muscle without being obese, or may have flabby fat on a small frame without being overweight. Without condoning "gross obesity," Dr. Keys could assign it "no more than some aggravating or accelerating influence."

The only factors to which Dr. Keys would give major responsibility were physical exercise (or the lack of it) and diet. He tackles the diet problem from the viewpoint of fat content. The fat in the U.S. diet, he points out, has been going up for 50 years; fats account for as much

as 40% of its calories. In Sweden the proportion is 38%. But in Sardinia it is only 22%. The clincher, for Dr. Keys, is to be found among Yemenite Jews who had no coronary disease in their native habitat but have begun to develop it since they migrated to Israel and adopted its high-fat diet. Yet the amiable, blubber-eating Eskimos throw a monkey-wrench into the dietary-fat theory. In Alaska, they live for months at a time on the fat of island seal and whale, but even among their oldsters fatal atherosclerosis is rare.

Surveying the puzzling and contradictory evidence, Dr. Page offers a moderate summation: too much fat in the diet and too little are both bad. Anything below 15% is dangerous (he tried it himself for a year and found that he lost weight, energy and equanimity). Current U.S. levels are needlessly high. A nice balance: 25%. And he sees no decisive difference in the effects of vegetable and animal fats.

The Question of Cholesterol. The hottest of all arguments is over cholesterol. For the last decade or so, some researchers have been casting this fatty alcohol as the villain. It is the predominant substance found in the plaques and patches that form on the roughened inner wall (intima) of the artery, and the amount circulating in the blood is in some rough proportion to the fats in the diet. So it is temptingly simple to draw the conclusion that the dietary fat starts the trouble



Normal

Forming Sclerotic Deposits

Calcified

Photomicrographs by Sidney Shapiro
Blocked by Clot

PROGRESS OF ATHEROSCLEROSIS (CROSS SECTIONS OF CORONARY ARTERY)

and the cholesterol finishes it when it has built up deposits—which may also become calcified—big enough to close a coronary artery.

Actually, the order of the steps in the formation of deposits on the artery walls is not clear. The walls become roughened. Some substance is deposited there. But, many researchers say, it may be simply a group of microscopic platelets—the elements in the blood that initiate clotting. These are too small to do any direct harm. But something else clings to their debris. According to the University of California's Dr. Henry Moon and Dr. James Rinehart, this is a sugar protein. Only after that, they say, does the cholesterol appear. And they do not believe that the sugar protein is the original villain: that, the San Francisco researchers contend, is a deficiency of vitamin B₃ (found in liver and egg yolk).

Across the bay in Berkeley, at U. of C.'s Donner Laboratory, Dr. John Gofman is the nation's outstanding worker with cholesterol and the substances with which it combines in the body. Researcher Gofman and his colleagues examined the combinations in which cholesterol circulates. It enters the bloodstream combined with proteins of different kinds. Cholesterol molecules in the combinations known as alpha-lipoproteins are generally of high density and seem relatively little involved in disease; the beta-lipoproteins contain the fat and flabby cholesterol molecule that is clearly implicated in atherosclerosis.

By taking blood samples from volunteers at regular intervals and analyzing their lipoproteins, Dr. Gofman is now convinced that he has enough experience to forecast whether a given individual will suffer from atherosclerosis. (Other researchers are not sure that he is right. Three laboratories—at Harvard, the University of Pittsburgh and the Cleveland Clinic—have been running experiments to prove or disprove the Gofman thesis.) Still to be explored is the possibility that a more fundamental mechanism is involved: a defect in body chemistry—the way in which an individual metabolizes either fats or proteins.

The Question of Filtration. Then there is a little-known aspect of human circulation on which Dr. Page and others have been working. It may go far to solve the riddle of how atherosclerosis begins. In addition to the direct blood flow down the bore of the arteries to its destination in the capillaries, parts of it also peruse through the arterial walls. Thus they

reach many of the body's tissues and supply them with nourishing chemicals.

The "filtration concept" of atherosclerosis is that as the blood fraction passes into the artery walls it may break down some of the less stable combinations containing cholesterol. These are most likely to be the beta-lipoproteins, containing the big, flabby cholesterol molecules. If something removes the protein coating, which makes it possible for the combination to circulate in the blood as though in solution, then the insoluble fatty cholesterol molecule is left in the artery wall. If this happens often enough, the artery wall will thicken, roughen and begin to break down.

The Old & the Young. When a coronary branch has been narrowed sufficiently to slow the blood to a virtual standstill, a thrombus (clot) will form and block the flow altogether. However, only a minority of heart attacks are fatal, and many are not even detected during the victim's lifetime. Why the difference between a dramatic thrombosis as in the case of President Eisenhower and the individual who sleeps through his heart attack? The answer lies in the gradualness of the process that narrows the coronary artery concerned. If it constricts slowly for months, the heart brings into play its self-repair system and develops collateral circulation, i.e., nearby branches enlarge to

carry more blood to neighboring parts of the heart muscle. Thus when the final shutdown comes, its original blood flow has already been diverted. In cases like the President's, the collateral circulation has to develop after the attack.

Equally striking is the contrast between the resiliency of many older men after a heart attack and the way in which younger men may succumb. A noted example last week was Cinemactor John Hodiak, 41, who seemed in excellent health—he had just passed an insurance examination—but had a quickly fatal attack while shaving. There are undoubtedly many cases in which a younger man will be killed simply because his disease is new while an older man with slowly developing disease will already have compensated, through collateral circulation, for a shutdown in an artery of the same size.

Treatments. In some cases, threatened heart attacks can be warded off. This happens when narrowing of coronary arteries gives warning of its advance by pain in the chest (angina pectoris). This is felt when the heart cannot deliver extra blood required to digest a big meal, to combat cold, or to sustain unusual effort. The degree of heart impairment can be measured after exercise on a miniature flight of stairs—the Master two-step test. The treatment, besides weight reduction: nitroglycerin pills slipped under the tongue when pain is felt. They dilate blood vessels and relieve pain almost instantly.

What of attacks that strike without warning? Many of these are of the type suffered by the President, and leave no sign of "heart failure." This term, frightening if misunderstood, is a doctor's way of describing the condition when a heart cannot meet the demands upon it and begins to lag. The President's treatment was typical for uncomplicated cases: morphine at once to relieve pain, complete rest, anti-clotting drugs (first heparin, later Dicumarol) and an oxygen tent.

If damage to the heart is so severe as to make it liable to recurrent failure in its pumping action, initial treatment is the same. However, this is then followed by drugs such as digitalis which give the heart added power.

The Question of Blood Pressure. All these experiments and treatments are concerned with one general form of heart disease—arteriosclerosis. The other major form of arterial disease is hypertension. In this case, the heart becomes enlarged from the effort to pump against the increased resistance of hardened, narrowed



Walter Sanders—Lives

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1. Do you send out a frantic "SOS" to your doctor when there is no real emergency?



2. Do you "bristle like a cat" when your doctor unavoidably keeps you waiting?



3. Do you "blow off steam" over medical bills—and yet not discuss them with your doctor?



4. Do you "blindly follow" medical advice from well-meaning friends?

Could you pass this "medical" quiz?

The most effective medical care depends essentially on a friendly understanding between the doctor and his patient. But situations such as those represented above often keep patients and doctors from enjoying a happy and mutually helpful relationship.

The answers to the questions may seem obvious, but knowing them can be of great importance to you. For example:

1. Your doctor wants you to let him know *promptly* whenever you aren't feeling well. But he wishes you wouldn't

insist on unnecessary night calls, when next morning would do as well. And when you do phone try to give him, calmly and without alarm, the exact information he asks you for.

2. Your doctor does his best *not* to keep you waiting. But remember, many things can unexpectedly upset his busy schedule—an emergency case or the absence of a nurse or assistant—and thus prevent his seeing you as promptly as he had planned.

3. If your doctor's bill seems too high, talk it over directly with *him*. You'll

find him more than willing to discuss and explain it.

4. One practice that's really dangerous for you is "prescription swapping"—using this or that medicine recommended by a well-meaning friend. Only a physician can determine what medicine (if any) is right for your particular case. So, when you need medical advice, *see your doctor*—and leave the prescribing of medicines to him.

★ ★ ★

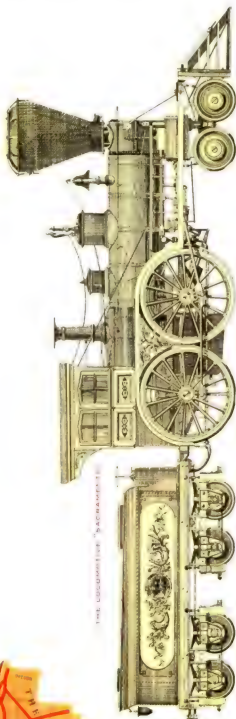
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D. J. Russell, President, San Francisco

THE WEST'S LARGEST TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM



arterioles. But as it enlarges, it needs more blood to fuel it, and must work still harder to supply itself. To forestall or arrest this vicious circle is the long-standing aim of Hypertension Specialist Page.

Main trouble is that doctors have no idea what causes 90% to 95% of high blood pressure. This vast majority of the estimated 15 million U.S. cases they list under the misleading label of "essential hypertension." For the small percentage of cases whose origin can be traced, Dr. Page gives four known causes: 1) kidney disorders; 2) hormone upsets, often from tumors of the adrenal glands (astride the kidneys); 3) disorders of the nervous system in which normal impulses are either absent or intensified; 4) hardening and loss of elasticity in the aorta. Whether "essential" or of known origin, hypertension may be either benign or malignant. A patient can live with the benign type for years with only moderate care and little discomfort. The malignant form may kill him within months.

Who gets high blood pressure and why? Many laymen have a pat answer: "It's the pace of modern living." But doctors putting this theory to the test find no proof. Many men under the greatest strain never develop it, while some under the least strain do. Occupation is no guide. Body-and-soul researchers have tried to find a personality type that is especially prone but no clear pattern emerges. Young women are more likely to have heightened pressures than young men, but paradoxically they are less likely to develop disabling disease. After middle age, men are marked for trouble much more often than their wives.

Beside & Laboratories. Page began his work in 1937 at the Lilly Laboratory for Clinical Research at Indianapolis City Hospital, after three years at Munich's Kaiser Wilhelm Institute and six years at the Rockefeller Institute. With Canadian-born Dr. Arthur Curtis Corcoran, who has been teamed with him since 1936, Page made important discoveries on the workings of renin,* an enzyme secreted by the kidney when it is starved of blood. An injection of renin raises the blood pressure. It also alters the fat-protein combinations in the blood in such a way as to encourage atherosclerosis.

Since 1945, Page has been research chief of the Cleveland Clinic (a private medical center founded by the late Surgeon George Crile). In seven floors of laboratories, Dr. Page and his staff (eight physicians, four other research scientists, 26 technicians) are attacking all phases of hypertension from as many angles as possible, and in 20 research beds in the clinic's adjoining hospital the medical staff cares for patients who agree to cooperate in the study and treatment of their disease. Some of the scientific attacks are so basic that they seem remote from bedside medicine.

Brazilian Dr. Lauro Sollerio studies how

* Not to be confused with rennin, a milk-digesting enzyme.



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one billionth of a gram of serotonin (a powerful, blood pressure-raising chemical isolated by Page and colleagues) makes a strip of rat uterus contract, and the ways in which serotonin and other body chemicals cancel each other's effects. Dr. James McCubbin is probing breakdowns in nerve impulses that throw blood-pressure control out of kilter. Famed Internist Willem Kolff, who invented the artificial kidney when his native Netherlands was under Nazi occupation, has developed a \$14 model in a gallon can. Dr. Page himself spends two or three days a week in the lab—last week he was testing the effects of new chemicals on blood pressure in dogs.

However far apart they seem, says Dr. Page, the pure science researcher and the bedside physician must be brought together, as they are in his own laboratory. From 20 years of personal study and correlating his views with those of other researchers, Dr. Page sums up: "Hypertension is not a single disease. It may be almost as variable as the many different forms of cancer. Neither can it have a single cause. There are at least eight mechanisms in the body operating to maintain an even blood pressure, and these are all interrelated. The balance of one cannot be upset without upsetting the balance of the others."

Treatments. For the relatively mild case of hypertension, Page and colleagues prescribe the obvious—massive doses of moderation. First, they reassure the patient by explaining what they can do about his disease. Then they advise him to do what he can to avoid fatigue and excitement. He should spend ten hours in bed and take short naps, often. Every extra pound of flesh on the patient means work for the heart, says—reduce. Moderation is also prescribed in smoking and drinking, in exercise and sexual activity.

For more severe cases the Cleveland Clinic doctors have a growing list of hopeful treatments. And in some victims, at least, malignant hypertension can actually be reversed. For years Dr. Page used kidney extracts, which helped some patients, and pioneered with fever treatments which had similar moderate success. Not until the spring of 1951 was a drug found to control malignant hypertension. This was hydralazine. In quick succession came a series of hexamethonium compounds (followed by the related pentolinium) and more recently reserpine.

From Cleveland Clinic case histories:

A soft-drink manufacturer turning 50 was in bad shape with an enlarged and failing heart, breathlessness, weakness and fluid retention (the old-time "dropsy"). His blood pressure had soared to 230 over 146. He was the first patient given hydralazine at the clinic, and remains one of its best testimonials. In more than five years he has had no signs of heart failure (though the heart is still enlarged), no worsening of kidney trouble, and he does a full day's work.

In the hypertension area, too, diet is hotly debated. "No salt!" cry many doc-



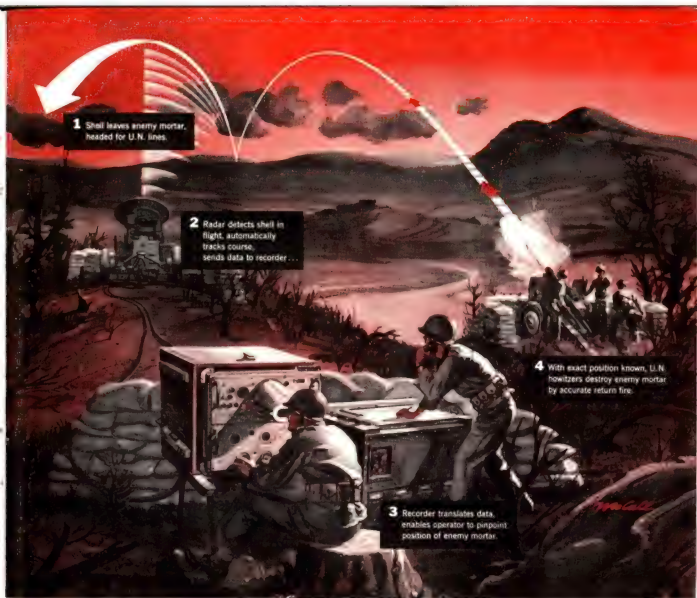
RESEARCHERS CORCORAN & PAGE
"We don't want to make invalids."

tors, although the link between salt and blood pressure is not fully understood. Many doctors believe that salt content must drop to an infinitesimal one-tenth of a teaspoonful per day. This can be achieved only by an extreme regimen like the famed "rice diet." But even on this, says Dr. Page, a mere 25% of the patients get their blood pressure down to near-normal levels. So: "Whether one wishes the psychic mortification of the rice diet or the dubious gratification of a planned low-salt diet is up to the individual. So many good low-salt diets and foods are now available that it is not necessary to go to the 'rice-house.' A reliable wife is one of the most useful and often essential adjuncts to a strict low-salt diet."

Heal Thyself. In all but work, Page practices the moderation that he preaches. Waking between 5 and 6:30, he makes his own breakfast and starts work at once. With no visitors or telephone calls to interrupt him he gets his best work done (writing and assembling statistics for his reports) before he leaves for the clinic at 8 a.m.

At 150 lbs., Dr. Page is about the ideal weight for his 5 ft. 8 in.—and proud of it. One thing that helps keep him there is his token lunch, such as a bowl of clear soup and a goblet of cottage cheese doused with ketchup, washed down with skim milk. Much of his exercise comes from running up and down stairs in the seven-floor lab building: it is quicker than waiting for an elevator and is good for the muscles in the leg arteries. In summer, Page plays singles tennis, but is careful to play only one set a day at first, after the winter's inactivity.

He breaks his long workday by getting home as soon after 5 as possible, taking a shower and a nap before dinner. Page and his wife (a former ballet dancer, author of a promising 1953 novel, *The Bracelet*) have two sons, 13 and 16. At college (Cornell '21), Page used to play "the long-necked banjo" to help pay his tuition. Now he has gone hi-fi, playing Mahler and



ENEMIES' MORTARS LOCATED BY RADAR

Army Used Device Against Reds in Korea, N.Y. TIMES, DEC. 12, 1954

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:

■ "Hundreds of soldiers now returned safely from Korea literally owe their lives to the extreme accuracy and speed of the new counter-mortar system." This good news was revealed by the Signal Corps in December when the public first learned of the existence of the MPQ-10 Mortar Locator, one of the Army's best kept secrets.

■ How could a carefully concealed enemy mortar be located and destroyed

after just one or two shells had been fired? And how could such devastating accuracy be repeated over and over again—no matter how often the enemy relocated his mortars? These were important questions in Korea.

■ Actually, the uncanny efficiency of the MPQ-10 Mortar Locator was due to the joint efforts of the Army Signal Corps and Sperry engineers. Working together, they developed a new portable radar system for use at the front lines. How does it work? An automatic radar tracker detects and "locks on" the path

of enemy mortar shells. In effect, it traces each shell back through its trajectory and reveals the enemy position. This information is then relayed to an artillery fire direction center which directs a return barrage against the enemy mortar in a matter of minutes.

■ Delivering this Mortar Locator to the troops is another example of Sperry engineering and production solving a problem to meet a critical need. Today, in the air, at sea, as well as on land, Sperry is helping extend our nation's capabilities with instruments, controls and systems for all branches of the military as well as for important segments of industry.

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Sihelius, while he gets in two or three more hours of medical reading or writing after dinner. Bedtime: 10 or 10:30.

Hope on Surgery. It is too soon for Dr. Page to gauge the long-term value of today's research in his Cleveland Clinic laboratories. This is true of the work on heart-and-artery disease that is being pressed in scores of U.S. laboratories: the field is too new. However, there is solid ground for hope in the very scope of the effort now being made. The American Heart Association pays out \$5,000,000 a year in research grants—half of it for basic science. Even more ambitious is the National Heart Institute's program. It is only seven years since the Public Health Service launched the institute with three men, three desks and three filing cabinets in a corner of a temporary building at Bethesda, Md. Now N.H.I. has mushroomed to an expert research force of 400. Of its \$18-million budget this year, \$5,000,000 will be spent within its own walls and \$9,000,000 funneled out to 750 research projects across the country.

Many heart men are returning to the field of their earliest successes—surgery. To check hypertension in some cases of nervous origin there is a formidable two-stage operation, sympathectomy: whole series of nerve bundles beside the spine are cut. Increasingly daring surgery is also coming to the aid of atherosclerosis victims. Surgeons in many cities can now cut out a diseased, bottleneck section of the aorta and use a graft from a frozen artery bank as a splint while the patient's own aorta heals. For similar roadblocks in the femoral (thigh) arteries, the surgeon may slit the artery lengthwise, scrape off the diseased deposits, and sew it up again.

Toronto's Surgeon Gordon Murray has developed a still more daring procedure. The infarct caused by a coronary closure is actually cut out from the wall of the heart itself. Then healthy muscle from each side of the dead area is stitched together. The slightly smaller heart that results is more efficient.

No one can foresee whether the best answers will in the end come through chemicals or the scalpel, or both—or how much longer the tough, miraculous and mysterious sac of muscle will elude man's determination to control it. But one of the most hopeful items in medicine's advancing knowledge is that heart disease and heart attacks need cause far less of the chill dread that used to surround them (see box). "Perhaps the most dangerous thing we doctors can do in managing patients with heart or artery disease," says Page, "is to discourage them with too many don'ts. It is disturbing to me to read medical recipes for long life which first prohibit smoking, then alcohol, and tell you to cut out butter and other fats, and end by suggesting that some kinds of cancer can be avoided by total abstinence from sexual intercourse. That is limiting life pretty sharply. We don't want to make invalids, but to help these people to live lives that are longer and happier and more useful. I think we are learning how to do that."



WORLD
YALE & TOWNE
REPORT

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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

No Time for Sergeants (adapted by Ira Levin from the novel by Mac Hyman) offers a really good evening of simple-minded fun. Less a play than an episodic romp, it tells of Will Stockdale, an incorrigibly good-natured young hillbilly who is inducted into the U.S. Air Force. Will puts his foot in his mouth as nonchalantly as though it were his pipe; he triumphs over every crisis by never knowing he is in one; he stands the Air Force on its ear by looking everyone guilelessly in the eye. So backwoods as not to know that a sergeant is a recruit's natural enemy. Will all but kills his own sergeant with kindness. He all but gives the Air Force psychiatrist ulcers through his unshatterable



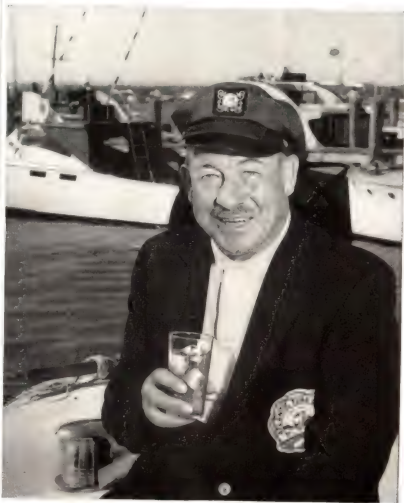
MYRON MCCORMICK & ANDY GRIFFITH
Rube conquers all.

normality. In time he sets forth with one of the zaniest of crews on one of the most demented of flights. Only after that—and perhaps only by comparison—does the play itself seem earthbound.

No Time for Sergeants follows a classic pattern of rube-conquers-all, but it follows it less for satiric than for outright comic ends. Will is not just the simpleton who confounds the sages; he is also the good boy who can lick all the bad ones, the farm boy who can drink city slickers under the table. With everything soundly proceeding at a comic-strip level, *No Time for Sergeants* becomes a fine, boisterous exercise in sustained improbability, in morning-fresh outrageousness. It has a kind of healthy, folkish madness: it makes the Air Force seem like something personally invented rather than anything ever experienced or observed; it makes sex—on the rare occasions it refers to it—seem rather like a good breakfast food.

As Will, Andy Griffith has enormous

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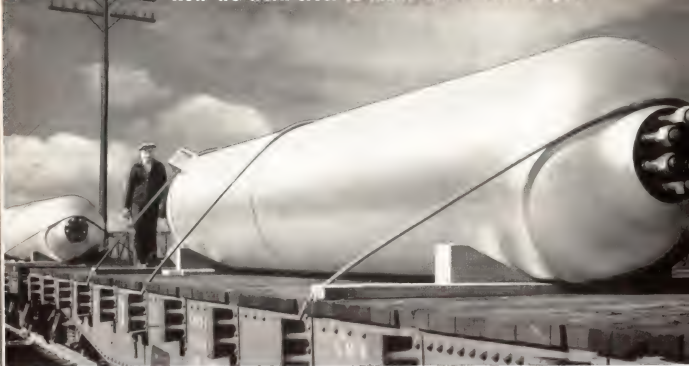


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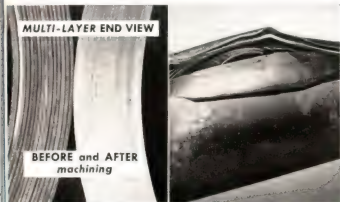
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lumpish charm; Roddy McDowall is just the right foil as his buddy, Myron McCormick an amusing, long-suffering sergeant. Peter Larkin's attractive sets are often amazing bits of engineering and Director Morton Da Costa has polished the show to precisely the right roughness.

A Roomful of Roses (by Edith Somer) is this season's entry concerning the child of divorced parents. The 15-year-old girl comes to visit her mother, who years before ran off with another man. She comes arrogantly, with her chin set and her lips cold. As her mother, stepfather and some neighborhood young people do everything they can to thaw Bridget out and win her over, it becomes plain that she not only resents her mother. Her relations with her father are also strained. Her whole life is lonely and askew; her disdain is defensive, her withdrawals



Prud Fell

BETTY LOU KEIM & PATRICIA NEAL
To have her ache and eat it.

constitute flight. What she needs, of course, is love and there is no lack of it at curtailment.

A Roomful of Roses nowhere skimps Bridget's plight, but it far from gloomily dwells on it. However valid Bridget's seems a matinee or televised grief. And Playwright Sommer wants to have her ache and eat it, too. She stirs into the play a full cup of adolescent humor, a level teaspoonful of small-boy remarks, a lightly beaten offstage comedy husband and the juice of one uninhibited maid.

Thanks to good acting, a fair amount of the kid stuff is amusing. And on the serious side, Patricia Neal as the mother and Betty Lou Keim as Bridget do very well by their roles. But even as popular playwrighting *A Roomful of Roses* remains uncomfortably two-toned. It should be more serious or less, more adroit in its emotional scenes or more honest. It is not sharp enough theater to play fast and loose with reality.

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SUTHERLAND'S PREPARATORY SKETCHES FOR CHURCHILL PORTRAIT

ART

Assorted Tigers

British Publisher Lord Beaverbrook has traveled far and fast since he left his boyhood home in New Brunswick, Canada, half a century ago. But he has never forgotten the folks at home, has showered them with such gifts as a park, a skating rink, a set of chimes and a 12,000-volume library. Last week Canadians got their first look at the Beaver's latest gift: 30 paintings from the collection that will be turned over to New Brunswick next year, along with a new museum to house it.

Last week's exhibition was mainly devoted to 200 years of British and Canadian painting, plus a portrait by Fragonard, who, the Beaver explains, "would have been French Canadian if he'd been born on the other side." But the most intriguing exhibit of the show was a series of oil sketches of Winston Churchill, never be-

fore shown to the public, which were done in preparation for Graham Sutherland's controversial portrait, presented by Parliament to its hero last year (TIME, Dec. 13).

As was the case with the presentation portrait,* Sutherland's preparatory sketches were apt to please the critics who think painting should be true-to-art (by fulfilling certain "laws" for what makes a good picture) and displease the majority who feel that painting should be true-to-life (in the sense of showing what everyone can see for himself).

Churchill's first question to the artist was: "Are you going to paint me as a tiger or a cherub?" Had Sutherland tried to catch something of both, he might have got results. Instead he took the easier course of choosing a single dramatic aspect

* Which has been consigned to the cellar by an indignant Churchill.

RENAISSANCE IN THE MIDWEST

IN Gopher Prairie, Minn., Sinclair Lewis' culture-starved heroine, Carol Kennicott, yearned to argue art with her energetic, flat-chested friend Vida Sherwin. For 15 minutes they debated: It's art, but is it pretty? Then Carol cried: "I don't care how much we disagree. It's a relief to have somebody talk something besides crops. Let's make Gopher Prairie rock to its foundations; let's have afternoon tea instead of afternoon coffee."

Today, chances are that Carol's offspring are busily raising money for the local museum, planning the annual art show and maybe taking painting lessons on the side. In the Midwest, art enthusiasm is busting out all over. Museum attendance is up (218,000 visitors to a Van Gogh show at Chicago's Art Institute), donations and bequests are steadily mounting. After many a long, lean year, art associations are proudly setting up permanent headquarters along Main Street.

Into the Market. With more money than ever before to buy art, even small museums are dipping into the market. The Springfield (Mo.) Art Museum recently picked up an Albrecht Dürer print, a Ben Shahn painting, *Mother and Child*, and a 10th century Persian bowl. The big, endowed museums are taking a back seat to no one, e.g., the St. Louis City Art Museum's purchase this month of a Frans Hals portrait for \$150,000. Kansas City's collection, which goes back 4,000 years to a Sumerian statue, also goes forward to a recent Picasso.

To show museum directors, patrons and art enthusiasts assembled for the annual American Federation of Arts get-together what rapid strides the Midwest is making, Iowa's Des Moines Art Center last week was exhibiting a rich cross section of art from Midwest collectors: 89

paintings and statues from 31 Midwest museums, colleges and universities and private collectors. The Des Moines show proves that Midwestern collectors do not stick exclusively to such safe 19th century American classics as George Caleb Bingham, George Inness and Thomas Eakins, and the Midwest's Big Three, Grant Wood, Thomas Benton and John Steuart Curry. They are also willing to bet their money on modern European masters—Braque, Matisse, Henry Moore and Giacometti—and the still-debated U.S. Painters Max Weber and the late Yasuo Kuniyoshi (opposite).

Tricks & Treats. To make their museums a part of community living, most Midwest directors are willing to turn handsprings. The Des Moines Art Center, which boasts three kitchens and a movie theater, gives the annual rose show and lends space to the African Violet Society. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts throws open its doors for a four-day Christmas show, last year had 21,673 visitors turn up to learn Christmas games, cooking and gift wrapping. Minneapolis' up-to-date Walker Art Center pulls in young and old alike with its jazz concerts. The museums eagerly share with the universities the task of art education and teaching.

For Midwest artists, most of whom shelter in academic circles, a bigger buying audience and broader tastes are heartening news for the future. Says Norman A. Geske, acting director of the University of Nebraska Art Galleries: "In our one big show, there is always a rumput over something that's considered too daring. But on the whole, you can bring almost anything into Lincoln. I think we are abreast of the folks in New York City, and, in fact, some New Yorkers tell me we're ahead of them."



KUNIYOSHI'S "AMAZING JUGGLER"

Des Moines Art Center's recent acquisition is semi-abstract juggler painted by Manhattan's Japanese-born Yasuo Kuniyoshi shortly before his death in 1930.

CURRY'S "HOGS KILLING RATTLESNAKE"

Chicago's Art Institute owns this dramatic farm scene by the late Kansas-born John Stuart Curry, who ranks with Grant Wood and Thomas Benton as a top exponent of the Middle West's school of graphic realism.



WEBER'S "LATEST NEWS"

Prize possession of Kansas City's Nelson Gallery is oil painting by dean of American Moderns, Russian-born Max Weber, 74, who sketched scene of lounging newspaper fans with freshness of watercolor drawing.





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SUTHERLAND'S CHURCHILL (1954)
He chose the tiger.

—the tiger. He got nine short sittings in which to bag it. His studies on view last week showed a robed tiger in the Order of the Garter, a cigar-chomping tiger, a tiger weary unto death, and a fat but hungry tiger. Each clearly caught a mood. But by concentrating on the tiger, each missed the complex man.

Pittsburgh Revisited

Not all the fireworks connected with the latest Carnegie International art show (TIME, Oct. 24) were confined to the exhibition itself. Juror G. David Thompson, a Pittsburgh steelman and art collector, complained vehemently to the press that his foreign colleagues on the jury were unduly prejudiced in favor of entries from their native lands, brushing off U.S. contributors with two honorable mentions. Other partisans of U.S. art muttered that Carnegie Director Gordon Washburn himself was to blame for the poor U.S. showing, that he had ignored some of the most promising young U.S. painters. But the most baffled reaction of all came from gallerygoers who were left frankly bewildered by the preponderantly abstract show. Last week Director Washburn tried to set at least the gallerygoers straight. Said he to a Pittsburgh Press reporter:

"The custom of painting sweet and simple pictures has dropped out of fashion. Styles in art keep changing just as they do in architecture, wallpaper and automobiles." Even with the most grotesque abstractions "one sometimes begins to like these paintings, just as someone may learn to appreciate a homely woman because of her fine spirit. A modern abstract artist no longer paints his mother from a particular spot in the kitchen, at a particular hour in the afternoon when the light falls on her face with a certain glow. Instead, he paints a composite idea of his mother to show how he has felt toward her during her lifetime. He prefers to paint her not as a model but as an idea. Therefore, an abstract work of art is a projection of the mind of an artist, and the painting is an image of a mental process. A person in a gallery should try to understand the artist's motive. There is no hope for him if he fails to do so."



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Record Smashers

All along Wall Street last week, the bulls were tossing their horns. The market went up for five straight days. The Dow-Jones industrial average climbed almost 14 points to close at 458.47, well above the low point reached in the drop caused by President Eisenhower's heart attack; rails went up 2.98 to 151.45, while utilities edged up 1.03 points to 62.51. Though investors were still cautious, the reason for the optimism was not hard to find. From dozens of companies came record third-quarter earnings reports.

Up Du Pont. In chemicals and mining, Union Carbide, Du Pont and National Gypsum all reported banner sales and earnings. At Union Carbide, President Morse G. Dial listed all-time record sales of \$857 million, record earnings of \$101 million for the first nine months, 60% higher than 1954. Du Pont hit new peaks with sales of \$1.4 billion, earnings of \$6.24 a share at the three-quarter mark vs. \$4.74 last year. In the booming electronics industry, civilian sales were so good that General Electric President Ralph J. Cordiner could announce the second-best year in history thus far—sales of \$2.2 billion, record earnings of \$141 million, despite a slump in military business and a 7% drop in third-quarter profits to \$39 million. Chief reason: higher costs because of a shift of production to new plants. R.C.A. was zooming ahead too, announced all-time high sales of \$741 million up to October, 12% better than 1954.

Pretty Picture. The news was just as good in railroads, steel, aluminum, heavy manufacturing. After slim pickings in 1954, the Pennsylvania Railroad announced the best profit in ten years: President James M. Symes totaled the nine-month revenue at \$600 million, with a \$32 million net that was a whopping 17% better than 1954. Crucible Steel did even better in the percentage race, with nine-month sales of \$172 million, a \$9,000,000 profit, 434% higher than last year's poor earnings. Eastman Kodak President Albert K. Chapman showed a pretty picture to stockholders: he reported new highs in sales and earnings, with a volume of \$487 million, up 13%, earnings of \$58 million, up 24% over last year. Other record breakers: United Air Lines, with record earnings of \$10 million, up 19%; Continental Can Co., with record earnings of \$30 million, up 18%; Pepsi-Cola, with record earnings of \$7,800,000, up 60%.

Overall, the general picture of U.S. business as it went into the year's final quarter could hardly have been brighter. As a hint of things to come, Bennett S. Chapple Jr., assistant executive vice president of U.S. Steel, predicted that in 1956, the United States will produce nearly \$400 billion worth of goods and services, for an all-time record.



UNION CARBIDE'S DIAL

Martha Holmes



PENNSYLVANIA'S SYMES

Fred Mayers/Philadelphia Evening



GENERAL ELECTRIC'S CORDINER
The bulls were tossing their horns.

Gilbert A. Milne

BUSINESS ABROAD

Canada's Wheat Crisis

Ever since a band of Scottish settlers discovered in 1812 that early-maturing varieties of wheat from their native highlands would grow and ripen in Manitoba's short summers, the wheat crop has made the difference between prosperity or hard times for Canada's three prairie provinces. Last week, with bins and elevators brimming from the fourth fine harvest in five years, the threat of acute financial crisis hung incongruously over the prairies. Reason: the inability of Canada's National Wheat Board to sell the accumulated surplus at a price the farmers are willing to take.

Bin-Busting Crop. The trouble began to develop two years ago, when Canada exported only 41% of its bin-busting 614-million-bushel wheat crop instead of the usual 55%-60%. Rust and harvest-time rain cut last year's crop to 300 million bushels, but exports again fell off sharply. Britain withdrew from the International Wheat Agreement. India and France began to grow more of their own grain as a matter of national policy, and Argentina bouncing back from a year-long drought, stepped up its sales in Latin America. The U.S., burdened with a giant surplus of its own, made other inroads into the world market through a series of bargain-price sales and disaster-relief gifts to such dollar-shy countries as Italy, Japan and Israel. Canada's traveling wheat salesmen, unwilling to meet the competition with fire-sale price cuts, had tough going. When the 1954-55 crop year ended last July 31, Canada's stocks of wheat on hand stood at 494 million bushels—as much as the country could consume in three years, and 28% more than it had ever exported in its best year.

The National Wheat Board, the only agency permitted by law to export wheat or ship it across provincial boundaries, in August 1954 placed a limit of 300 bushels on the amount of new wheat it would accept from any farmer during the harvest season. But the harvest could not wait. In the finest autumn weather in years, giant combines cut wide swaths through fields of standing wheat, spewed out rivers of top-grade grain. Commercial elevators were soon chockablock. Farmers braced old sheds to withstand the fluid pressures of loose wheat, built new barns to hold the flood, and when all the sheds were filled, piled their wheat in amber hillocks on the ground. When the harvest was in, Canada's supply of wheat on hand stood at 992 million bushels.*

Stopgap Plan. All across the prairies, farmers dug into savings for cash to meet their taxes, payments on land and farm machinery. In Sanford, Man., the local credit union closed its books when the outstanding loans reached the legal limit.

* The U.S. stock on hand: 1,279,000,000 bushels.

In Alberta farm towns, barter in livestock began to replace cash sales. In Saskatchewan, idle farmers swamped the National Employment Service with job applications.

Last week the government offered a stopgap plan for the government to guarantee bank loans to farmers with stocks of unsalable grain. The scheme disappointed many farmers, who had hoped for straight cash advances on their crops. Meanwhile, Ottawa prepared to send a delegation of trade experts to Geneva this week to fight for renewal of the International Wheat Agreement and its system of orderly marketing. If they fail, the international fire sale in wheat may start in earnest.

AGRICULTURE

Pork Price Drops

Into the nation's twelve main livestock centers last week trampled a horde of hogs that was 40% greater than in the same week last year. As a result, prices in Chicago flopped to \$14.35 per 100 lbs., their lowest level since 1945. It meant trouble not only for farmers, but also for the Republican Party. Corn-belt voters loudly demanded that Agriculture Secretary Benson come to the rescue with a Government buying program.

Minnesota's Republican Senator Edward J. Thye, among other public officials, hacked them up. He asked for a quick, short Government pork-buying program while the fall hog run is at its height. Said a Benson aide: "The Department of Agriculture is watching the hog market closely, and has already developed machinery for making purchases, should they



SECRETARY BENSON
Going to the hogs.

be deemed necessary. Buying could get under way on short notice." The purchases would amount to something like 170 million lbs., only 1½% of the year's total expected output. But it is big enough to raise prices if compressed into a quick buying spree (Benson's statisticians figure that if the Department buys 6% of a commodity during a given marketing period, it will raise prices about 10%).

Ezra Benson hesitated to give the order. Pork's troubles go too deep to be cured easily by price props. U.S. consumers are losing their taste for pork because 1) they

are cutting down on fatty foods, and 2) they followed the advice of the Agriculture Department to eat more beef (which was a propaganda maneuver to raise beef prices) back in 1953. From the 1933-35 period to 1954, U.S. per-capita beef consumption jumped by some 24 lbs., to an estimated 79; pork consumption edged up by less than 6 lbs., to 67.

Benson also had the tricky corn-hog ratio to consider. This ratio determines, in effect, whether a farmer can make more money by selling his corn or by feeding it to his hogs (it takes about 9 bu. of shelled corn to put 100 lbs. on a hog). When the price of corn is low in relation to that of hogs, it is more profitable to turn the corn into pork; that was the case through most of 1954, with the result that the 1954 fall pig crop was 16% bigger than in 1953, and the 1955 spring pig crop was 9% bigger than in 1954. To swell the hog population still further, free corn prices on the market have been considerably lower than the Government support price. A farmer eligible for corn support could thus sell his own corn to the Government at \$1.58 a bu., buy corn on the market that was ineligible for support at around \$1.20 to feed his pigs.

Because of the prospect for more big pig crops, it looked as if Secretary Benson might be pressured by Congressmen into buying up pork. The program would be applied mainly at the processing level—a limited purchasing agreement aimed at cured shoulders, hams and bacon which the Agriculture Department could quickly dispose of through school lunch programs, hospitals and other charitable organizations.

TIME CLOCK

BEEF-BACON SALES are soaring as a result of newspaper stories that the meat is one of President Eisenhower's favorites, is on his menu at Fitzsimons Army Hospital. Armour says sales of beef bacon have shot up 30%, would have gone higher except that demand outran supply.

DAVY CROCKETT CRAZE is dying as fast as the frontiersman's bar. Retailers in Manhattan, Chattanooga, St. Louis all report that volume has tumbled as much as 90% in the past few months with little sign of a pick-up.

INTEREST-RATE HIKE on consumer loans is being considered by big Manhattan banks. Loan demand is so strong that the hike may be as much as ½% on auto, appliance, home-improvement and personal loans.

HELICOPTER TRAVEL will get a boost from New York Airways and Belgium's Sabena Airlines. Inter-airport traffic in the New York area is growing so fast that N.Y.A., now operating five helicopters, will order seven new twelve-passenger, 105-m.p.h. Sikorsky S-58 whirlybirds, double its annual passenger capacity. To expand

its local helicopter service between eight European cities (TIME, May 16), Sabena will order eight new Sikorskys.

1955 CHRISTMAS SALES will be the best ever, according to retailers at the Boston Conference on Distribution. The forecast: sales 4% to 10% higher than 1954, with inventories already building up to handle the expected increase.

TAX REFUNDS are in prospect for dozens of companies which got partial fast tax write-offs on plants built during World War II. The U.S. Supreme Court has upheld a lower-court ruling that Ohio Power Co. should get a \$6 million refund because it was allowed only a 35% write-off on an \$11 million plant. Under the law, it should have been allowed 100%. The ruling opened the way for refunds to 39 companies with claims of \$62 million.

EUROPEAN AUTOMAKERS will break all production records this year, says General Motors President Harlow H. Curtice on a tour of G.M.'s overseas plants. No. 1 Automaker Britain will turn out 1,250,000 cars and trucks, more than 18% over last year,

while West Germany's fast-growing auto industry, now in the No. 2 spot, will make a record 820,000 cars and trucks, more than 20% better than 1954.

1955 BUMPER CROPS will exceed earlier forecasts, says the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Despite acreage cutbacks, farmers are using so much fertilizer in an attempt to keep lagging farm income up that the total output of farm commodities will hit 112% of the 1947-49 average, breaking last year's record 108%.

WEST GERMAN BOOM is still growing. Production index for September jumped to 215 (1936 index: 100), or eight points higher than the previous peak in August, and 14.4% better than September 1954.

FREIGHT-RATE BOOST for U.S. railroads, originally granted on a temporary basis in 1952, will be made permanent. The Interstate Commerce Commission has canceled the expiration date (Dec. 31) of the rate hikes, will grant the 12% to 15% increases indefinitely. Without the boosts, roads would have lost an estimated \$900 million in revenues next year.

INDUSTRIAL CHAPLAINS

A New Help to Labor Relations

IN Lone Star, Texas this week, the Lone Star Steel Co. will open a new \$40,000 building where the company will make no steel, transact no business. The building is a chapel. There, a full-time, specially trained Methodist chaplain will spend his time primarily offering aid and counsel to troubled workers. Similar pastor-counselor or devotional programs are fast spreading to dozens of other U.S. corporations. Next week in Cleveland, a prime topic at the National Council of Churches meeting will be the new industrial chaplain. The Northern California Council has already drafted a program to spread the gospel of industrial chaplains as its "No. 1 objective for 1956."

The strongest argument in favor of industrial chaplains is made in the plants where they are already at work. North Carolina's Fieldcrest Mills started its program six years ago, and neither management nor workers has regretted the move. At Fieldcrest, the Rev. James K. McConnell visits sick workers, keeps in contact with retired employees, tours the plant daily and makes himself available to people who need help to solve their troubles. All counseling is strictly secret, strictly voluntary. Chaplain McConnell, a Southern Baptist, has an average of three counseling talks a day with Fieldcrest workers on problems ranging from alcoholism to unruly children. In the same manner, neighboring Reynolds Tobacco has been running a successful chaplain program since 1949 and thinks that it makes important business sense: absenteeism is down, production up, plant morale higher than before.

Le Tourneau, Inc. maintains full-time chaplains at both its Vicksburg, Miss., and Longview, Tex. plants for on-the-job spiritual guidance; the chaplains also hold weekly services which 85% of the workers attend. Tulsa's Sunray-Mid Continent Oil Co. has employed a chaplain since 1947, and his advice is so heavily in demand that he will soon get a second assistant. The story is the same at San Diego's Solar Aircraft, Dallas' John E. Mitchell Co., Dearborn Stove Co., Ohio's Pioneer Rubber Co. At Solar Aircraft, the program was so well liked that everyone from assistant plant managers to welders pitched in to build the Rev. Tipton L. Wood a chapel.

Despite the obvious successes, however, a good many critics challenge the idea. Some businessmen feel that chaplains are useful only in small, centralized plants, or question the whole idea

of mixing business and religion. Many thoughtful churchmen also have reservations. They fear that too much time can be devoted to public relations, morale and production-boosting projects having little to do with religion; others worry that industrial chaplains steal away parishioners from established local pastors. But by far the biggest complaint comes from union leaders, who fear that management will use religion as a weapon against labor and to talk down justified complaints and demands. Said the Protestant *Christian Century*: "The first danger in a company-paid chaplaincy is that the chaplain may become a company-paid errand boy for bolstering company policy, pacifying complaints, playing on religious predilections to keep workers happy. The church should not condone such prostitution of its ministry."

To avoid this danger, most companies with formal, paid chaplains make sure that they take no part in formal management-worker problems, that they are there to give aid to troubled people, but not as representatives of the board of directors. At Kansas City's huge Swift & Co. plant, the Rev. Bernard W. Nelson is even paid by the union itself; he works alongside the men in the automotive division as an ordinary worker, and is strictly neutral on union-management squabbles. Yet he is convinced that production is up because of his counseling efforts. Says Baptist Chaplain Nelson: "Whenever you have 2,000 workers, you always have misunderstandings—most of them as petty as the dickens. I figure that by just sitting down and talking to the people and by showing them the problem can be solved without making a federal case of it. I get a lot done."

Most other chaplains also feel that they get a lot done. They feel that, in a mass-production civilization, they are more capable of helping workers with problems that pastors away from the factory might not fully understand. Furthermore, by being stationed in a plant, they are readily available to backslid churchgoers who might hesitate to consult a minister or priest. After going to an industrial chaplain for guidance, many a strayed sheep has returned to the flock. On their part, corporations have found that industrial chaplains are a distinct aid to morale, production, and the well-being of employees. Said Le Tourneau's Chaplain Barney Walker: "A man at peace with himself and the world around him is a good worker."

New Trees for Old

Only ten years ago, the U.S. was cutting its timber much faster than it was growing. But now, Forest Service Chief Richard E. McArdle told the Society of American Foresters last week, the growth of new sawtimber at last almost matches the amount cut down. A comprehensive survey just completed by the Forest Service shows that in 1952 the cut was only 1.03 times growth v. 1.5 times in 1944 and more than five times in 1929. McArdle had a pat on the back for the logging industry: the best-cared-for timberland is that owned by industry (13% of the nation's commercial forest) and Government (27%); the other 60%, held by some 4,500,000 private owners, represents the Forest Service's biggest problem in teaching conservation.

But McArdle also had admonitions and warnings for the foresters. He pointed out that much of the increased sawtimber growth ratio comes from less important hardwoods, while softwoods, in huge demand for construction and papermaking, were cut down in 1952 almost one-third faster than they grew. The quality of timber, he said, is declining. Control of insect pests, which in 1952 killed 5 billion board feet of sawtimber (seven times the toll of fire), has not gone far enough. Nor have the growth ratios increased enough: by the year 2000, the Forest Service guesses, U.S. demand for non-fuel timber will be from 70% to 100% bigger than in 1952.

LABOR

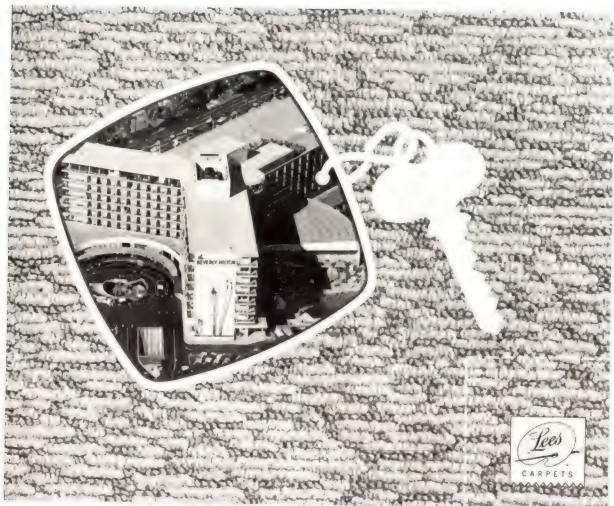
Strike at Westinghouse

Westinghouse Electric Co., which has been plagued by a multitude of problems, last week faced a new one: 45,560 employees, members of the C.I.O. International Union of Electrical Workers, walked out, idling 10,000 other workers and shutting down roughly half of the company's production. Main points in Westinghouse's first major strike in nine years:

¶ Westinghouse asked for a five-year labor contract, while the union did not want to be tied down for that long. Said Robert D. Blasier, the company's industrial-relations vice president: "Westinghouse cannot continue to face periodic walkouts and threats while its major competitor [General Electric, which got a five-year pact from I.U.E. in August] enjoys a long period of labor peace."

¶ Westinghouse offered a complex wage plan amounting to a minimum 23½%-an-hour increase spread over five years, said that this, together with various other benefits, matched the raise given recently by G.E. The G.E. agreement, replied Union President James B. Carey, gives workers total gains of 18½% an hour in the first year, compared with 10½ to 11½ in the Westinghouse proposal.

¶ The union protested Westinghouse's productivity studies of men at work (the issue caused a three-day strike last month), wanted some kind of union control over such studies.



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• **CORRIDORS:** Use of different colored Lees Carpets in connecting corridors creates a dramatic yet warm and restful effect.

For samples of
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"World's most luxurious
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on how Lees can fill
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James Lees and Sons
Company, Bridgeport,
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• **LOBBIES AND EXECUTIVE SPACES** feature the rich gold Lees loop-piled carpet shown above. The *Saray Room*, *Nordic* and *Cadaro Room* and *The Traders* use custom designed Lees Carpets for distinctive, special and tasteful effects.

NOTE: In every public space, good carpet means good business. Lees designs and makes commercial carpets for every budget and business requirement. Lees Carpets are a practical, long-term investment in terms of hospitality, attractiveness, and service.



Cleaner air with half the filters

— REPORTS LARGE METROPOLITAN LIBRARY

EVERYONE knows books on shelves gather dust. Imagine the problem with hundreds of thousands. Keeping library volumes as dirt- and must-free as possible calls for quantities of clean, fresh air.

At one large library, they tried many types of filters—were using banks of two 1"-thick throwaway filters in series—to clean intake air. But the surfaces quickly clogged with dirt—operating costs became excessive. Then they tried PLIOTRON—the world's first truly washable, electrostatic, panel-type air filter.

They soon found single banks of PLIOTRON, 1" thick—only half the number—cleaned the air better, did not clog and were easily cleaned for repeated use. That's because the unique filter medium of PLIOTRON carries a permanent, electrostatic charge that actually attracts and captures up to five times as many fine dirt particles. It also permits depth-loading rather than surface-loading, and maintenance of full efficiency by simple washing.

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GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

SELLING

Betty Grows Up

When General Mills first wanted a face to go with its famed Betty Crocker trademark in 1936, the biggest U.S. flourmaker thought it knew just what kind of woman she should be. The picture by the late Artist Neyssa McMein was a dark-haired, bright-eyed young housewife, whose face was framed in a frilly white collar. From 1936 to 1955 General Mills spent an estimated \$50 million advertising Betty's face on cake, cookie and biscuit mixes around the U.S. At times, General Mills experimented with Betty, shifting her hairdo, changing her collar. Last week General Mills announced that Betty Crocker was getting a complete face lifting.

A General Mills survey had showed that 91% of all U.S. women knew Betty Crocker, but that to many she did not look enough like a housewife. She looked like "a career girl," was "smug and spoiled," "not motherly." General Mills hired Artist Hilda Taylor to paint an older Betty Crocker, with a cheerier, slightly lined face, and motherly smile. A second survey showed that housewives found the new Betty "a fine person," "human, generous, sincere," "a good mother and a good neighbor." Said General Mills: "Betty Crocker has grown up to the times."

RETAIL TRADE

Bargains at Tiffany's

With no louder fanfare than a polite clearing of its throat, Manhattan's Tiffany & Co. last week conducted a bargain sale, the first in its 118-year history not occasioned by a move to new quarters. Behind the sale was a change in policy brought on at stiff-backed Tiffany's by Board Chairman Walter Hoving, whose Hoving Corp. bought control of the firm in August (TIME, Aug. 29). There was also a merchandiser's desire to get rid of \$340,000 worth of china and glassware that was not moving, along with items of jewelry and leather goods. Among the bargains: a silver tea set that had been on the shelves for more than ten years, cut from \$12,500 to \$6,000; a gold compact, from \$2,375 to \$1,500; a diamond-studded emerald brooch, with a stone that was once part of a Turkish sultan's belt buckle, from \$36,300 to \$29,700.

The sale was a success. All 265 half-price handbags went in two days. By week's end, more than one-third of the \$340,000 worth of china and glass was gone. But the high-priced jewelry was still awaiting takers. On Saturday, black-suited doormen counted 2,400 customers, more than on any October day before.

In the midst of the sale, 65-year-old President Louis de B. Moore retired after 44 years with the company. Into his place stepped Executive Vice President William Thompson Lusk, 54, great-grandson of Founder Tiffany, Lusk, born in Manhattan, went to Groton and Yale ('24), was



"We protected our way of living!"

... say Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kelley

"When we were first establishing our home we knew little or nothing about the value of planned insurance protection against the financial losses resulting from fire, accident or other causes.

"So we welcomed the assistance of our Hardware Mutuals representative. In an easy-to-understand manner, he explained the benefits of *Living Protection*. This he defined as the basic insurance we need to provide us with security and peace-of-mind protection.

"In addition to the good service we have had for 15 years, Hardware Mutuals saved us money with the regular payment of generous dividends.

"That's why we'll continue to make certain that we have our home and our possessions made secure with Hardware Mutuals *Living Protection*."

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If you own a home and furnishings... if you have children or a pet dog... if you play golf, go fishing or hunting... you need Hardware Mutuals *Living Protection*.

Your nearby Hardware Mutuals representative will be happy to explain this complete insurance plan. Actually, you can determine your own needs with *Living Protection* tailored to fit your budget. You'll be surprised and pleased with the moderate cost.

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in fastening to
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He can do more jobs than ever before, can interchange $\frac{1}{8}$ " and $\frac{1}{4}$ " barrels on the job ... fasten anything to concrete or steel!

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Saves hours, even days, on a job. Duo-Jobmaster does more jobs cheaper than before, ends oldstyle drilling and tapping.



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Saves even more time on the entire job through greater flexibility and versatility of this two-barrel powder-actuated fastening system.



Ask your contractor or write
for latest catalog, sent free:

Ramset Fastening System

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coxswain on the Yale freshman crew and president of the dramatic society, once played daughter Goneril in *King Lear*. After college he started at Tiffany's as a clerk, worked his way steadily up to executive vice president in 1952.

Comeback at National

When Millionaire Printer John F. Cuneo bought control of Chicago's ailing National Tea Co. in 1945, he grumbled that he was taking on "the worst chain-store property in the country." From Harley V. (for Vincent) McNamara, who had talked him into the deal, came a soothing answer. "That's what's so good about it—it can't get any worse." As National's new president Optimist McNamara soon proved that it could get a lot better.

During his first full year at National Tea (which operates under the name National Food Stores), McNamara boosted sales from \$107 million to \$158 million, profits from \$913,000 to \$2,900,000. In 1953 he squeezed out First National to make National Tea the nation's fifth largest supermarket chain. Last year, when sales reached \$520 million, profits \$6,500,000, the company became the tenth largest of all retailers.

Last week, having already expanded National's operations from seven to eleven states (Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin), McNamara was busy invading a twelfth: construction of three new supermarkets in Toledo will be completed next year. With sales running 10% ahead of last year, McNamara predicted a 1955 gross of \$575 million. His next objective: sales of \$1 billion.

Grade-School Tycoon. A hearty, glad-handing man of 61, McNamara is one of eight children of a St. Louis bricklayer. He began his business career at nine, outside Sportsman's Park, selling newspapers and score cards. He quit school at twelve, drove a team of horses for a local grocer for \$4 a week and, at 21, failed at running his own grocery. In 1917 he took a job in a St. Louis store of the Kroger chain, eventually became chief trouble-shooter for the whole chain (3,174 stores). He quit to join National Tea because Kroger rejected his ideas for extensive reorganization on the grounds that the company was already doing well. Says McNamara: "Hell, the time to make changes is when you are doing all right—not when you're in trouble. That way you can call them improvements."

At National, McNamara found trouble everywhere. After the death in 1936 of George S. Rasmussen, its Danish immigrant founder (in 1899), the company went into the red. Finally, John McKinlay, a former president of Marshall Field & Co., got control. Under him, the chain stayed in the red till 1940, when the war put it into the black. McNamara found the chain burdened by paper work and centralized control that failed to respond to local needs. McNamara set up nine semiautonomous branches, whose man-



PRESIDENT McNAMARA
Just his dish of tea.

agers do their own buying, advertising and pricing. He bought out nine competing companies (358 stores), closed up white-elephant outlets, built new ones in new neighborhoods. Result: National today has fewer stores (738 v. 880 in 1945) but it has boosted volume per store by 500%.

TV Fun. At the same time, McNamara raised the chain's advertising budget tenfold, to \$5,500,000 last year, including 550,000 lines in 25 major metropolitan newspapers, where National had 2,000,000 lines more than any other single company. He has cut markups from an average of 15% to 14%, brightened his stores with new color schemes, electric-eye doors, air conditioning and new packaging techniques, especially for meat. He has achieved almost complete self-service (for an average of 5,000 items) in many of his stores, and hopes soon to make it 100% everywhere.

To keep in touch, McNamara spends a third of his time traveling, but he is no slave to the job, which pays well over \$100,000. At Chicago he works an 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. day, spends his evenings as often as possible with a can of beer in front of a television set. Says he: "You can't try to do it all yourself. You've got to get a laugh out of life."

AUTOS

New Models

The U.S. auto industry continued its biceps-flexing last week. Chevrolet's General Manager T. F. Keating announced a 1956 production target of 2,500,000 cars and trucks (against an estimated 2,300,000 this year). Figures on the industry's output for the week seemed to support his optimism: 158,877 cars and trucks off assembly lines, against 126,166 the week before and 59,302 a year earlier.

One reason for the increase was the

Another reason why Hammermill Bond prints better, types better, looks better



People come from all over to see what makes Hammermill Bond even cleaner than before

THE PEOPLE in this picture happen to be Hammermill experts, studying something brand new in papermaking. But they might well be some of the paper experts that have been coming from all over the country and even from abroad to see this revolutionary Hammermill invention.

This invention took Hammermill four years to develop and half a million dollars to install. It has just one job—to make Hammermill Bond even cleaner than it was before.

The pulp Hammermill Bond is made from gets six separate washings and three different stages of bleaching. That's why in the past you've found so few specks to mar Hammermill Bond's brilliant blue-whiteness.

But now, Hammermill's new invention gives the pulp a final cleaning of a different kind. The pulp is whirled under pressure through the cone-shaped pipes shown above at the left. The dirt particles, being heavier, are flung to the outside and carried away, so they can never get into the paper. The clean fibers rise to the top, and are piped immediately to the papermaking machine.

That's why the Hammermill Bond you buy today is even cleaner than before. It's an example of the technological advances that each year bring paper experts from all over the world to see Hammermill papers made—an example of how no expense is spared to make your Hammermill Bond, (1) *prints* better—(2) *types* better—

(3) *look* better. Printers everywhere use Hammermill papers. Many display this shield. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.



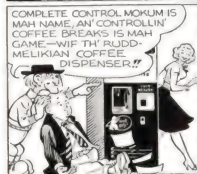
—yet

**HAMMERMILL
BOND** costs no more

—and actually *less* than many other watermarked papers



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Firm
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earlier shift this year to 1956 models, of which more came out last week:

❑ Packard boosted horsepower from 275 to 310, making its engine the most powerful yet announced. Other features: electric pushbutton shifting, a new nonslip differential for better traction on mud and ice.

❑ Pontiac lengthened its bodies (2.4 in.), boosted horsepower from 200 to 237, has a new Hydra-Matic shift that lessens the "bump" between gears.

❑ Cadillac stepped up horsepower (250 to 285 on standard models) and brought out two new hardtop models. Optional equipment: a new aluminum grille available in either silver or gold.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Data by TV. To send check signatures from main banks to branches, transmit sales records, and perform similar jobs. Thompson Products Inc.'s Dage Television Division has developed a TV system called "Datavision." Datavision sends still pictures—which remain on the receiver long enough to be read, then fade off—can transmit up to 15 miles over ordinary telephone wires (\$16 a mile) instead of coaxial cable (\$36 a mile). The camera (3½ lbs.) and receiver will cost about \$2,250, extra receivers about \$675 each.

Waste Power. Sterling Drug Inc. has perfected a method to turn plant sewage water into a source of power. Sterling's method causes flameless combustion of organic waste right in the water, creates steam to turn generators; in doing so, it partially purifies the water and thus helps solve the plant's sewage-disposal problem. First user: a Norwegian pulp and paper maker, which has ordered a \$3,000,000 unit. Sterling hopes U.S. pulp mills will buy the process, since each year they dump out waste with a fuel content equivalent to "millions of tons of coal."

Word-Writer. A typewriter that can click out a whole word or phrase at the touch of a single key was announced last week by International Business Machines Corp. It has an electric memory on which the typist can set as many as 42 words and phrases that she uses frequently, e.g., "Yours very truly." The machine has a standard typewriter keyboard. By stepping on a pedal, a typist shifts the letter keys to word and phrase keys.

Short Roast. By roasting coffee for a shorter time in a new kind of roaster, Borden Co. has developed a new instant coffee that it claims tastes like the real thing. Called "Rich Roast," it sells for the same price as Borden's old instant.

INDUSTRY

Expensive Appetite

In Chicago, *Daily News* Editor-Publisher James S. Knight yelled: "Gouge!" In Quebec City, Emile Castonguay, Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers' Association president, snapped: "No justification!" The outcry on both sides of the border was caused by the fact that Canada's St. Lawrence Corporation, Ltd. had



CANADA'S FOX

The papermakers made the papers, increased newsprint prices \$5 a ton, topping (by \$2) the alltime high of \$130 charged after World War I. Other Canadian newsprint mills were expected to follow suit, as they have in the past.

U.S. publishers, who spend nearly 80% of their newsprint budgets in Canada, protested that the boost will add \$32 million a year to high operating costs, may actually squeeze some newspapers out of business. They pointed out that five Canadian newsprint producers showed profits of \$25 million after taxes on \$120 million in sales in the first half of 1955—up 21.6% over last year's first-half profits.

Behind the price boost lay the voracious U.S. appetite for newsprint, whetted by growing newspaper circulation (up 1,300,000 since 1950) and a 10% upsurge in advertising linage over 1954. U.S. demand for newsprint in the first nine months of 1955 has run 7.8% ahead of last year's level, highest in history, even though newsprint prices have soared since World War II from \$50 to \$127 a ton. Some smaller publishers have been forced to pay \$50-a-ton premiums for newsprint on the flourishing grey market.

Canadian newsprint producers argued that they have had to earmark a high percentage of profits for costly mill expansion to add 900,000 tons to Canada's annual capacity, as well as pay-out 15% wage increases in the three years and three months since the last price hike. Even though St. Lawrence profits for the first half of 1955 were 37.3% ahead of the 1954 level, President P. M. Fox said: "We have gone beyond [our] ability to absorb increasing costs." At week's end the Justice Department, which has no jurisdiction over Canadian producers, asked U.S. newsprint manufacturers to confer with its trustbusters, warned pointedly: "Every effort will be made to prevent any joint efforts to increase prices" of domestic newsprint.

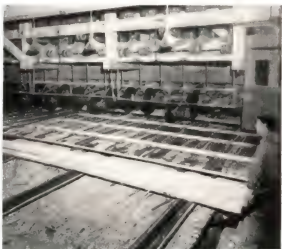


You can't see the trees for the forest

No, you can't see the trees that have gone into this forest of new homes. Multiply this community by thousands of other new developments . . . millions of new homes, and you get some idea of the tremendous production task faced by the industry that turns trees into finished lumber so these homes can be built. In 1954, lumber mills produced more than 36,000,000,000 board feet . . . enough lumber for 3,500,000 average homes.

How does the lumber industry keep pace with demand? Efficient materials handling supplies a good part of the answer. Every step of the way from logs to lumber, conveyors help step up capacity . . . reduce costs . . . increase efficiency. And, like so many other basic industries, lumber mills turn to CHAIN Belt for conveyor chains that effectively resist the destructive pounding and abrasive wear of this rugged service.

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CROWN ZELLERBACH

PAPER AND PAPER PRODUCTS SINCE 1870

MILESTONES

Born. To Renée ("Zizi") Jeanmaire, 30, quicksilver ballerina and musical comedy star (*The Girl in Pink Tights*) and Roland Petit, 31, founder-director of the French Ballets de Paris, in which Jeanmaire first starred: their first child, a daughter; in Paris.

Born. To Jan Sterling (real name: Jane Sterling Adriance), 32, tough-gal-typed blonde cinemactress (*Women's Prison*), and Paul Douglas, 48, cinemactor (*Green Fire*): their first child, a son; in Hollywood. Name: Adams. Weight: 7 lbs. 12 oz.

Married. James Michener, 48, novelist (*The Bridges of Toko-ri*), connoisseur of things Japanese (*The Floating World*), 1947 Pulitzer Prizewinner for *Tales of the South Pacific*; and Colorado-born Nisei Mari Yoriko Sabusawa, 35, assistant editor of the American Library Association *Bulletin*; he for the third time, she for the first; in Chicago.

Died. John Hodiak (real name: John Pagorzelliec), 41, actor of stage (*The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*) and screen (*Trial, Battleground*), and onetime husband of Cinemactress Anne Baxter; of a coronary thrombosis while shaving in his parents' home as he prepared to leave for 20th Century-Fox studios to complete work on his 32nd movie, *Threshold of Space*, the story of Space Surgeon John Paul Stapp, whom he was playing; in Tarzana, Calif.

Died. Carlos Dávila, 68, Provisional President of Chile in 1932, Ambassador to the U.S. 1927-31, Secretary-General of the Organization of American States since 1954, noted South American journalist and editor; of cancer; in Washington.

Died. José Ortega y Gasset, 73, famed Spanish philosopher (*The Revolt of the Masses*), essayist and journalist; of cancer; in Madrid (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Bernard Grasset, 74, onetime topflight French book publisher (Giraudoux, Maurois, Mauriac) who was paid by Marcel Proust to print *Swann's Way* in 1913, after Proust had looked in vain for a publisher; after long illness; in Paris. Convicted in 1948 of collaboration with the Nazis, Grasset was fined 10,000 francs, sentenced to "national degradation for life."

Died. George A. Ball, 92, financier, philanthropist, last of five brothers, who built one of the great U.S. fortunes on the Mason jar and the purchase in 1935 of controlling stock in the Van Sweringen railroad empire (23,000 miles, including the Chesapeake & Ohio and Missouri Pacific) for "about the price of two first-class locomotives," which he sold for \$6,375,000 in 1937 to a group headed by the New York Central's Robert Young; in Muncie, Ind.



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BOOKS

The Stockade

ANDERSONVILLE [767 pp.]—MacKinlay Kantor—World [\$5].

Whether a soldier wore blue or grey during the Civil War, about the worst thing that could happen to him was to be taken prisoner. In Southern camps, 15 of every 100 Federals died; in the North, twelve out of every 100 Confederates died. But even in a day when most camps were shocking, the name of Andersonville most specifically spelled horror. Within this Georgia stockade, 100 miles south of Atlanta, as many as 127 men died in a single day, and during one three-month period, the total of dead exceeded the whole number of those on both sides who were killed at Gettysburg.

Author MacKinlay Kantor, who has converted the Civil War into a living as well as a passion (*Long Remember, Arouse and Beware*), has turned the grisly fact of Andersonville into a huge, massively researched novel (Book-of-the-Month Club choice for November) which will give Civil War fiction buffs their greatest hour since *Gone With the Wind*.

To Andersonville went perhaps 50,000 men. Its 20-odd acres were stripped of trees, and there was no shelter except the crude tents that could be fashioned from coats and blankets. Guards were ordered to shoot prisoners who strayed beyond a certain line. The sick died where they lay. Those prisoners who carried corpses for burial beyond the wall were considered lucky; it meant a little fresh air. After the war, the man who ran Andersonville, Captain Henry Wirz, was tried and executed for war crimes.

Under such conditions, the worst and the best in men were drawn out. Some formed gangs to kill and rob those too weak to resist. Others performed Christian acts that went well beyond the everyday call of charity. Outside the walls, not unlike concentration camp commanders of other centuries, Captain Wirz lived with his pleasant wife and nice children, spoke English with his heavy German accent, and to the end insisted that he was a good man who had done the best he could.

Around the horror of Andersonville, Author Kantor has fashioned scenes of plantation life, a commonplace romance, and compassionate confrontations in which the common decency of ordinary men in blue or grey is reaffirmed. He has also made much of the wartime trade enjoyed by the local prostitute. But his real hero is a man of good will who has lost three sons in the war, seen his wife go insane as a result—and can still be shocked by the cruelties piled on the enemy.

Andersonville is the kind of book that neither ordinary writing nor routine insights nor excessive length can hurt much.

The Couch & the Calipers

PHRENOLOGY: FAD AND SCIENCE [203 pp.]—John D. Davis—Yale [\$3.75].

The modern egghead has his head canded by the light of psychoanalysis. The well-informed egghead of 1855 felt sure that everything depended on the shell, i.e., on a "phrenological" study of the size and shape of the skull.

In those pre-Freud days, the intellectual did not speak of the libido; he nattered about the Bump of Amativeness (at the base of the skull, down there at the sides).

God had nothing to do with "oceanic feeling" or a "father image," but could be found right up there at the top, where He belongs, in the Bump of Veneration.

Phrenology appealed to the optimism and confidence of 19th century man, just as psychoanalytical theory appeals to today's pessimism and fear. In this disquieting account of the rise and fall of phrenological "science," Author John D. Davis, onetime professor of history at Smith, has embedded a hale of fun among his footnotes. It is humbling stuff. If today's Pundit Walter Lippmann may be heard announcing Freud as "among the greatest who have contributed to thought," not so long ago President Garfield was having his "head read" and Walt Whitman was proudly reciting a poet's phrenological endowments in the preface to *Leaves of Grass*. Karl Marx took phrenology seriously, as did Bismarck and Darwin.

Cure for the Enigma. The head-reading business began (the start seems somehow familiar) with a Vienna doctor who had some strange and original notions about the nature of man. He was Franz Joseph Gall (1758-1828), who made the simple discovery that "character was the brain." From this it was a simple step to decide that if one knew what went on on the surface of the brain, one would know what went on underneath. Before long there was a little chart dividing the brain into 37 faculties, each doing its little bit to help a man on his path to perfection—or to hinder him (as in the Bump of Destructiveness). By mid-century, in the U.S. and Britain, phrenologists were as prevalent as dandruff.

It was no use at all for the scientist to protest that if he cut the Bump of Amativeness right out of a pigeon's brain, it went on billing and cooing and laying eggs just the same. Phrenology offered an easy clue to the enigma of human life. In the U.S., furthermore, phrenology took on a democratic tinge. Everyone had a head, and everyone with the aid of a little chart could understand what was going on in it. It was optimistic—the "good" organs, by exercise, would increase in size. Two men with heads as massive as Beethoven's took the whole thing over. There were Lorenzo N. ("salesman extraordinary") and Orson S. ("impresario and high priest") Fowler. The brothers graduated phrenologists from their institute, published a *Phrenological Journal* (last issue, 1911), and had a bigger collection of skulls than a Sepik River tribe.

Spare the Rod. Historian Davis has unearthed some strange phrenological lore. There was, for instance, the man who picked horses by studying the shape of their skulls. Horace Greeley suggested that in the interests of safe train travel, brakemen should have the right-shaped head. There was even phrenological housing: Orson Fowler had built a mansion in the shape of an octagon, which started quite a fashion for octagonal houses.

As usual, reform made itself most felt among the helpless—notably criminals, lunatics and children. There were phrenological theories on how to run jails, cure



Baltmann Archive

PHRENOLOGIST & PATIENT (CIRCA 1800)
From head-feeler to head-shrinker via the Bump of Self-Esteem.

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madmen and bring up kids, U.S. school-teachers testified that they no longer needed the rod because they conducted their classes on phrenological lines. Soon half the adolescents in the U.S. were guiltily fingering their Bump of Amativeness. Good men in a hundred small towns were prospecting their scalps for favorable bumps, or stealthily sliding over the depressions where the good green hills of spirituality should have been.

There were skeptics. One stunt of the road-show phrenologists was to "excite" veneration by massage of the relevant bump, whereupon the subject's face "instantly assumed a solemn and beautiful expression." Sober clergymen railed against this sort of thing, but the phrenologists answered by incorporating in their lectures a proof of God's existence, to wit: the Bump of Veneration proved there should be Someone to venerate; God, in His turn, proved the existence of the Bump of Veneration. Just as a psychoanalyst may reason that a patient who dislikes analysis ("exhibits aggression") is therefore all the more in need of it, so a 19th century citizen who would not have his head read probably had a criminal skull.

The moral seems to be that the couch cannot call the calipers black. In phrenological terms, the Bump of Causality remains as unobtrusive as a pitcher's mound in Death Valley, while the Bump of Self-Esteem looms over it like Pike's Peak.

Pride & Prejudice

THE CALL TO HONOUR (319 pp.)—General Charles de Gaulle—Viking (\$5).

On June 17, 1940 a British general leaped out of a taxiing plane on a Bordeaux airfield and hauled aboard a tense, tall Frenchman who was escaping from his defeatist colleagues. Years later, Winston Churchill was to write that the Frenchman, General Charles de Gaulle, "carried with him, in this small aeroplane, the honour of France." In all the world there is probably no one more certain of this than De Gaulle himself. In his story of World War II, *The Call to Honour*, he plainly sees himself as more savior than soldier and ends on a mystical note: "Poring over the gulf into which the country has fallen, I am her son, calling her, holding the light for her . . . I can hear France now, answering me . . . Ah! mother, such as we are, we are here to serve you."

General de Gaulle writes with a great deal of justification. When France fell, he was one of the few at the top with the courage and the faith to carry on the fight, and the fact that he is only too glad to trumpet his virtues should not obscure the simple truth. But *The Call to Honour* shows also why his British and U.S. allies found him so hard to get along with and how his personal sense of destiny could sometimes become a nuisance to Churchill and F.D.R., who were as destiny-conscious as the next fellow. Even Harry Truman once threatened to cut De Gaulle off from arms supplies unless he could



United Press
GENERAL DE GAULLE
A ramrod through the mind.

learn to keep his place in the Allied camp. For De Gaulle seems even now to be obsessed by the idea that his big job was to keep Britain from undermining the French Empire while her ally was down. And nothing could convince him that the U.S. was not conniving with Vichy France to undermine him.

In a proud career soldier, embittered by the fall of his country and imbued with a passion to save her, some of these attitudes were understandable at the time. But to be suffering from nagging suspicions and intransigence more than a decade later suggests that De Gaulle either has not consulted the record of the war now available or prefers to keep unbent the ramrod that seems always to have extended from his back through his mind. *The Call to Honour* carries the De Gaulle story only to mid-1942, but the tone is set, and it is as annoying as it is undoubtedly sincere. Even a hero's worshippers must be embarrassed to hear him refer to his wartime broadcasts as a "priestly duty," and to meet the mock-moderate estimate: "In the struggle for liberation the one who answered for everything was still, in the last resort, my poor self."

The Pests

SOVIET ESPIONAGE (558 pp.)—David J. Dallin—Yale University (\$5.75).

And the incorruptible Professor walked . . . averting his eyes from the odious multitude of mankind. He had no future. He disdained it. He was a force . . . He walked frail, insignificant, shabby, miserable—and terrible in the simplicity of his idea calling madness and despair to the

regeneration of the world. Nobody looked at him. He passed on unsuspected and deadly, like a pest in a street full of men.

Thus Joseph Conrad, in *The Secret Agent* (1907), gave a prophetic portrait of that now familiar pest of the West—the Communist espionage agent.

All big nations maintain intelligence services outside their frontiers. It is the difference in the vast Soviet espionage apparatus, not only in scale but in kind, that makes this book an impressive document in a new field of scholarship and an important study of the enemy.

Oranges & Pennies. Author Dallin, an old Russian Social Democrat who fled the Bolsheviks in 1921 and has lived in the U.S. since 1940, has doggedly forked over a mountainous compost heap of material (main sources: court and tribunal transcripts, memoirs of ex-spies), covering networks in Switzerland, France, Germany, Canada and the U.S.

The first effect of Communism's claim to liberate mankind and introduce a higher morality is to convert its most devoted adherents into a dark, anonymous army committed as a duty to crime, duplicity and terror. The main spy organization is the GB (*Gosudarstvennaya Bezopasnost*—State Security), whose list of names reads like alphabet soup, e.g., GPU, NKVD, MGB, since it began life as the CHEKA in 1917. Furthermore, allied and sometimes competing with the GB are the spy apparatus of the Red army, the Ministry of Trade and the Communist Party itself. Their strength lies in two things: 1) size, i.e., their agents probably outnumber, says Dallin, the intelligence officers of all other nations combined; 2) the nature of international Communism, which allows it to draw on some people in every part of the globe who are prepared, by conversion to the mesmeric pseudoreligion of Marxism, to transfer their first allegiance to Russia. This gives the Soviets a million eyes and ears in a world outside their knowledge or mercy.

When the non-Russian recruit enters the world of Conrad's professor, he is bound about with rules which at first seem incredibly naive. The details of *conspiracies* involve the dimmest kind of drudgery. No thriller writer would condescend to invent a scene as clumsily conceived as the actual meeting of two spies in a Geneva street. One of them thus summarized his instructions from Moscow:

"I was to be wearing a white scarf and to be holding in my right hand a leather belt. As the clock struck noon, I would be approached by a woman . . . holding an orange in her hand . . . [She] would ask me in English where I had bought the belt; and I was to reply that I had bought it in an ironmonger's shop in Paris. Then I was to ask where I could buy an orange like hers, and she was to say that I could have hers for an English penny . . ."

Yet such measures can be surprisingly effective, like the shrewd stratagems of a deceitful child. Author Dallin industriously points out how the good spy could never cheat on the rules of his own cheat's



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game, e.g., Alger Hiss and Hede Massing, as members of rival spy rings, should never have been permitted to meet; Harry Gold should not have known about David Greenglass, etc. Spies should, of course, be inconspicuous. One spy in France was guilty of an infraction of this employment code; she was a strapping baroness 6 ft. 4 in. tall. Another was caught in Germany; his unwise practice was to cover the work of sub-agents while brandishing a revolver and dressed in the full uniform of a *Luftwaffe* officer.

The Lonely Ones. For the recruit, as he starts his first exercise in the jungle gym of Communist morality, the job offers a hard life, and in the end bitter paradox. This echoes in the words quoted by Dallin from a Russian agent in Germany, forced to pretend friendship with the enemy and getting in return harsh and ugly suspicion from his masters at home. "It would give me strength . . . to hear something warm, happy, pleasant from time to time," said the lonely Red patriot in the accents of truth.

Even lonelier is the fate of the non-Russian. Klaus Fuchs and Whittaker Chambers had great gifts that raised them into tragedy above a thousand squalid dossiers of misery. To the ordinary native spy, honor is to be a good liar.

The GB can always rely on the anvil chorus of liberals who say the following things: it was a frame-up; no secrets of any value were stolen; it was all done to help an ally, or maybe humanity; the informer (there almost always is one; otherwise the show would still be merrily going on) is an ex-Communist, therefore unreliable. The GB can also rely on Western "bourgeois" courts either not to convict or in the interest of appeasement impose trivial sentences—notably in France, where a few years for espionage was about standard during the '30s.

Each of these items is documented in country after country. But Author Dallin also reports stupidity and parsimony. For a few score thousand francs, from time to time, the Red spymasters let their Swiss ring go to pieces. Then there was the case of Alexander Rado, a Hungarian, who gave brilliant service to the Soviet network in Switzerland during World War II. The British (who were fighting Hitler too) offered to help, but when Rado reported this to Moscow, "the Centre" went into hysteria. Clearly this Rado, they reasoned, was a tool of the British. Suspicion often cripples the Russian spy system. This is the most heartening conclusion to be drawn from Author Dallin's immense study. It is because of such shortcomings that the streets of the West are still full of men. But Author Dallin's book is a documented reminder that the pests are still among them, and that pest control is not witch-hunting.

Mixed Fiction

THE PROPHET, by Sholem Asch (343 pp.; Putnam; \$4) is the work of an expert at making a good thing out of the Good Book. As the high priest of the Neo-Apocrypha or Bible-improvement school



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of writing. Sholem Asch, 75, has racked up sales of more than 1,000,000 by gilding such subjects as the lives of Christ (*The Nazarene*), St. Paul (*The Apostle*), Mary and Moses. This time Asch has raided the Bible for the story of the second Isaiah, who roused the Jews out of their Babylonian captivity.⁶ The book's religious message is swaddled in what Hollywood calls "production values." *e.g.*, a 3-D tour of Nebuchadnezzar's Palace of the Hanging Gardens in Babylon, the orgiastic rites of a harlot votary of the goddess Ishtar ("Her breasts were encased in golden bowls"), Belshazzar's feast at which a disembodied hand dooms King and country with the famed handwriting on the wall.

Among the gauds and gods of sinful Babylon, the young and earnest Isaiah is a prophet without honor or glamour. Beaten and spit upon, the visionary nonetheless convinces a hard core of the faithful that Babylon will be overthrown and the Jews restored to their ancient homeland. At novel's end, the first of the Jews are on the homeward march. Occasionally moving in his hours of trial, Asch's man of God often seems less the eloquent, God-intoxicated psalm-singer of the great Biblical text ("Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion . . .") than a bearded positive thinker doling out pep talks to the dispirited.

THE DAY OF THE FOX, by Norman Lewis (249 pp.; Rinehart; \$3), brilliantly tells about a war of nerves in a Spanish village on the Costa Brava 16 years after the end of Spain's civil war. Its central character is Sebastian Costa, a fisherman who was unwillingly conscripted into the Franco army and decorated for an act of bravery he did not really perform. The village Republicans, who have neither forgiven nor forgotten the war, still subject Costa to a cold, polite but unrelenting boycott. When someone betrays a Republican agent sent from France, the village instantly, and without a hearing, condemns Costa.

The book makes its points with slashing impact in scenes as sharply etched as the sun-baked houses under the savage Spanish sun. English Author Lewis is as carefully dispassionate as Spain's José María Gironella in *The Cypresses Believe in God*, which massively documented the forces that carried Spain toward civil war (TIME, April 18). Lewis shows that in their hearts both sides have become tired of the stubbornly continuing conflict. The revolutionary has begun to suspect the motives of the revolution, the chief of police is sick of police power. In the end, Author Lewis seems to echo the policeman's plea: "Let's hear no more about Reds or Falangists either. Haven't we as a people the greatness of heart to admit it's possible we were both wrong?"

⁶ Practically nothing is known about him. The first 39 chapters of the book of *Isaiah* are largely attributed to "the first Isaiah," who died long before the Babylonian captivity (which began in 597 B.C.). Most Biblical scholars consider the next 15 chapters of the book of *Isaiah* the work of a great unknown.

MISCELLANY

Night Flight. In Walkerton, Ont., fined \$40 and costs for careless driving. Andrew Frieberger, 72, told the magistrate that he ordinarily drove his car by celestial navigation, but lost his bearings and wound up in a ditch when he mistook a TV tower light for the evening star.

Point of Honor. In Great Falls, Mont., picked up on a drunk charge, Louis Cadorette was fined twice the usual amount after he insisted to police that his occupation be listed as "professional shoplifter."

The Honeymoon. In Christchurch, N.Z., Landlord J. Robinson loudly complained to the local Land Valuation Court that the young couple who had rented a beach cottage from him for their 1938 honeymoon still occupied the place, despite the birth of their four children and the fruitless efforts he had made to oust them.

Unrehearsed. In San Francisco, police arrested Carley Neef, 36, after she approached a teller in the Bank of America's downtown branch, demanded he hand over the money, then burst into tears, cried: "Call a guard, please. I'm trying to hold up the bank!"

Why, Teacher? In Redford, Mich., after police installed electric traffic timers near a local school crossing at the repeated behest of anxious townspeople, four schoolteachers were ticketed for speeding within the first two weeks.

Curb Service. In Fairfax County, Va., police looked for the gunman who drove up quietly to the ticket window of a drive-in movie wearing a paper bag over his head with eye holes cut in it, poked a pistol at Cashier Helen Franklin, reached out of the car and grabbed \$1,100, drove away.

Unfair Advantage. In London, after being fined £3 (\$14) for stealing from a self-service store. Mrs. May Hampton, 43, complained indignantly in court: "The public should be protected from this kind of shop; you can go in and steal anything and no one is the wiser."

Headquarters Casualty. In Sydney, Australia, Marjorie O'Brien demanded £8 16s. (\$20) weekly workman's compensation, charged that she had suffered nervous tension, emotional strain, "aggravation" of high blood pressure while working as a secretary for the Workmen's Compensation Commission.

The Great Man. In Columbus, Ohio, Nathan S. Beck got a letter in the mail with only his photo and city as an address, found later that his friend L. G. Lundstrom had sent the letter from California to determine if he really "was a big shot in his home town."



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